

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,525

FEBRUARY 18, 1899

THE
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AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAMMIE, FEBRUARY 18, 1899

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1899 WITH EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. KASKELINE

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN THE FRIEDENSTEIN CHURCH AT GOTHA
THE LATE PRINCE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA

Topics of the Week

It has been known for some time that negotiations for settling the frontier between the NEGOTIA- French Congo Colony and the Bahr-el-Ghazal TIONS WITH were in progress between M. Cambon, the FRANCE French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, and Lord Salisbury. From more or less inspired utterances in London and Paris during the past week we learn that these negotiations are pursuing a highly satisfactory course, and that the signature of a convention may even be expected very shortly. Apart from the merits of the questions to be settled by the two Governments, the mere initiation of negotiations must be regarded as a very gratifying symptom. It shows a desire on the part of both Governments to get rid of pending misunderstandings, and to leave no room for a recurrence of crises similar to that which nearly plunged the two countries into war five months ago. Nothing would have been easier or, perhaps, even more comprehensible, than for France to have sulked after Fashoda. M. Delcassé has shown great good sense in resisting such a temptation. It is evidently his wish that the relations of the two countries shall not again experience a serious shock through the drifting of grave questions, especially those which are bound up with the control of the Nile. Indeed the conciliatory spirit in which the two countries have approached each other is especially illustrated by the selection of the question which is now occupying them. The discussion with Great Britain of a Franco-Egyptian frontier delimitation implies a considerable surrender on the part of France, for it is not very many months ago that she denied our right to act on behalf or in the name of Egypt. It does not, of course, follow that France is now disposed to recognise the rights we claim for ourselves on the Nile, but it shows that she is inclined to make the best of the *de facto* situation, and to give up nagging over it until it is finally "regularised" in some way or other. As for the frontier question itself, there should be no difficulty in solving it, provided France is not disposed to put forward any extravagant pretensions. Roughly speaking, we claim the whole of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, within the limits of the chain of garrisons established by Lupton, and afterwards wiped out by the Mahdi. This practically means that the line should be drawn at the Nile-Ubanghi watershed. Lord Salisbury will probably not insist on this line if the French are particularly anxious to push a little further eastward. He may even allow them to establish themselves on one of the navigable tributaries of the Bahr-el-Ghazal if concessions in the way of unfettered trade are made to us in the Congo Colony. The idea, however, of an outlet on the Nile itself is not to be entertained, and the sooner the French dismiss it from their minds the better. It is fundamental to our policy in Egypt that the Nile, from its source to its mouth, should be under one undisputed and indisputable control. This principle we cannot relax or modify. The fact that we have allowed the Belgians to establish themselves at Rejaf cannot be appealed to by France because, in the first place, we have nothing to fear from the Belgians, in the next place, their settlement is only temporary, and, finally, the object of the treaty under which they were permitted to go to the Nile, was precisely to bar the way against the French.

Whether the length of our railway concessions in China be more or less, British capitalists cannot complain any longer that the Government has not secured them a fair share of the loaves and fishes that John Chinaman is so generously offering to the outer barbarians. Even at the last estimate, and excluding the problematical line from Burmah to Yunnan, 1,500 miles of railway through some of the most densely peopled parts of the Celestial Empire are awaiting construction by English enterprise. That is, surely, enough by way of a beginning; if our "young men in a hurry" would carry their minds back to the inception of British railways, they would discover that the work went on very slowly at first. And so it did afterwards in Hindustan and South Africa; in neither case was there progress by leaps and bounds. But a wholly different situation presents itself at Wei-Hai-Wei; that port should either have been left alone or be converted with all possible despatch into an impregnable *place d'armes*. Mr. Goschen merely states that "the question of the defences of the island and the necessary garrison to man them is far advanced and practically ripe for decision." But just opposite, at Port Arthur, precisely the same question has reached solution. Additional fortifications have come into being, new and huge docks are being excavated, the defences are manned by 15,000 troops. True, Russia had two or three months' start, but Wei-Hai-Wei has been long enough in our possession for the Government to have got beyond the preliminary stage of official inquiry.

Not without full occasion did the Lord Chief Justice dwell upon the urgent and imperative necessity for filling the gap left by the almost disappearance of industrial apprenticeship. That system of training for handicrafts had its defects; no doubt; for one thing, it operated like the Hindoo caste system, to keep ideas in a groove. As the master was, so was the apprentice; what knowledge satisfied the former

generally satisfied the latter. There were many other drawbacks as well, but the system, nevertheless, undoubtedly turned out thoroughly expert workmen within its own limitations. Does technical education, the modern substitute, succeed equally well? Many employers affirm the contrary. Their judgment is that, although technical education is an excellent thing in its way, those to whom it is imparted do not appear capable of turning their knowledge to profitable account. Many of them suffer, too, it is alleged, from swollen heads, and look down disdainfully on workpeople trained in the workshop alone. This may be an exaggeration, but there seems little question that the gap between the old and new systems requires to be bridged over. How that could best be done constitutes a very grave problem. If every technical school or college were affiliated to some workshop, and passed on its pupils to that finishing academy, the desired end might possibly be reached.

Mr. W. H. Preece

MR. W. H. PRECEE, whose retirement from the post of Chief Engineer of the Post Office Telegraphs is announced, will not be lost to the Post Office altogether, for he is to be retained as consulting engineer. Mr. Preece has patented many electrical inventions, though of late years his work has been entirely devoted to the Post Office. Mr. William Henry Preece was born in 1834, and was educated at King's College, London. His early experience of telegraphy was gained with the Electric and International Telegraph Company. In 1855 he became Superintendent of their Southern District, and when the Government bought up the telegraphs he became a Divisional Engineer, and in 1877 he was promoted to the post from which he is now retiring. Mr. Preece and Mr. Fischer first introduced telephones into this country. The last invention of Mr. Preece is his system of wireless telegraphy. He was made C.B. in 1894, and is a Fellow of the Royal Society.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



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The Late Mr. Thomas Cooke

MR. THOMAS COOKE, M.D., F.R.C.S., whose death occurred suddenly last week at his residence in Brunswick Square, was well known to the members of the medical profession as the founder of Cooke's School of Anatomy, Physiology, and Operative Surgery. Mr. Cooke received his medical education in Paris, and graduated Bachelor of Arts and of Sciences in 1861, and Doctor of Medicine in 1870 at the University of Paris. On his return to London, he passed the examinations for the membership in January and for the Fellowship in June, 1871, of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and the same year was appointed demonstrator of anatomy and lecturer on anatomy, physiology, and surgery to the Medical School of, and assistant-surgeon to, the Westminster Hospital.



THE LATE MR. THOMAS COOKE

At the time of his death he was surgeon to the out-patients of that institution. He was the author of several important works on anatomy and surgery.—Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

The New Mural Painting for the Royal Exchange

"WHERE"—as Pope puts it in his "Moral Essays"—

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies—

there is the great memorial of London's fearful fire—that national disaster which, though it robbed the City of so many measures of Time, brought with it the greatest of London's blessings. Then arose a city more healthy, less tortuous in its streets, from which the germs of the plague were for ever burned out; and then, too, were established those insurance offices that are now a part of our social system, the Phoenix being the first. Since that time the fire assurance companies have multiplied and prospered; to insure their own insurances they each severally established fire brigades of their

own, and even continued their service after an official corps had been raised in London. It is in recollection of these events—that merely in their historical but in their administrative and commercial significance—that the Sun Fire Office has presented to the Royal Exchange, as its contribution to its embellishment, a picture commemorative of the great catastrophe. Mr. Stanhope Forster, A.R.A., who has executed it with great spirit, has dealt with a most difficult subject with singular success, as may be seen in our illustration on another page. He gives us a distant view of the conflagration as seen from the Thames, while excited people take refuge in boats, and while the sky, as both Evelyn and Pope remind us, was a great vault of fiery red, which lighted up the country for forty miles around. Ten thousand houses were ablaze at one time—a furnace of two miles square—whose trail of smoke, fifty miles in length, carried word to the country that millions' worth of property was being swallowed up within London's walls.

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE House of Commons has this week been more than ever the elephant, that with its trunk can pick up a pin or uproot an oak. To tell the truth, pin-picking has been more in accordance with the drift of our labours than the nobler task. The list of subjects discussed has varied from the Crofters to Calcutta; from the Veto of the House of Lords to the forlorn condition of unemployed-for Wales; from company directors' fees pouched by Ministers to the old old story of the legislative independence of Ireland. This is a complete and striking revolution upon an Parliamentary practice. There are some men in the present House who can remember how, the Opposition not feeling strong enough to try a fall with the Ministers of the day, the Address was voted on the first night of the Session in time for members to get away to dinner. If business was meant the battlefield was pitched, and for a couple of nights, four if the crisis were profound, the battle raged.

Private members of to-day justly plead that conditions are altered. It has come to pass, by repeated manipulation of the Standing Orders, that the opportunities of private members to air their theories or to attempt legislation are grievously curtailed. After Whitsuntide they are entirely smothered. The only opportunity left of talking at large is on the Address, when amendments may be moved on most subjects under the sun. It is understood that at to-night's (Friday) sitting the help of the Closure will be invoked to bring about the clearance of the Address from the legislative highway. There will be much gnashing of teeth among members whose subjects have not even been reached. But it will be generally agreed that if the House of Commons is to be regarded as a business assembly it is not too soon to begin work with the opening of the third week of the Session.

Of the miscellaneous debates that have filled the House with vapour and words since the Address was moved, it is probable that only one has caught on public attention, and is likely to be followed by practical results. That is the amendment submitted by Mr. Swift MacNeill, calling attention to the fact that out of the forty-four Ministers of the Crown constituting the present Administration, twenty-five between them hold forty-one directorships in public companies. This raises one of those questions of personal interest that always command the attention of the House. Everybody knows, or has looked up, the names of the twenty-five, and some have thought with a sigh how much more equitably division of these good things might be made. But beyond the personal question lies one deep at the heart of the public. As Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, his own withers unwrung, finely said, it is one of the things upon which we in this country may dwell with the highest satisfaction and fullest pride that for the last forty or fifty years there has been no case of corruption or money-making out of public business on the part of Ministers of the Crown. There is no charge of corruption in the Amendment to the Address submitted by Mr. MacNeill. But there is a strong feeling in the House, which it is expected will find acknowledgment in individual action from the Treasury Bench, that Ministers of the Crown would do well to forego the emoluments of company directorships.

A notable and recurrent incident of the week has been the diminution of the Ministerial majority. The House has been long accustomed to hear the Ministerial Whips standing at the end of the debate announce a majority varying from 100 to 150, that a single vote taken from the rule is startling. A peculiarity connected with the phenomenon is that it has presented itself in circumstances when the Ministerial majority might be expected to muster in exceptional numbers. The first occasion arose on an amendment to the Address by Mr. Morton, expressing regret that the Queen's Speech contained no promise of measures dealing with the ownership, tenure, or taxation of land in towns. When the House divided it was found that the Ministerial majority was only thirty-four. This was achieved in a small House, two hundred and eighty members having taken part in the division. Again on Tuesday in an attack on landlords in the Highlands and islands of Scotland under the not inspiring banner of Mr. Weir, the Ministerial Whips were able to bring together a majority of only fifty-five.

Of course, if Ministers were in real peril on the eve of a political battle, they would be able to deploy their wonted host. But the repetition of the reduced majority is significant in two ways. It indicates languor in the Ministerial camp, and it testifies to a marked recrudescence of spirit on the Opposition side. In the Session divisions assumed proportions that made them farcical. The spectacle night after night of the Front Opposition Bench deserted was not inspiring to the rank and file. Accordingly, when the division bell rang, only a melancholy few responded from the Opposition side. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has changed all that. He is in his place when questions commence, and remains in close attendance till the House adjourns. For very shame his colleagues could not do otherwise than follow his example. The consequence is that the Front Opposition Bench, late a wilderness, now blossoms like the rose. The example spreads along the back benches, and when a division is called the tellers have a very different tale to tell.

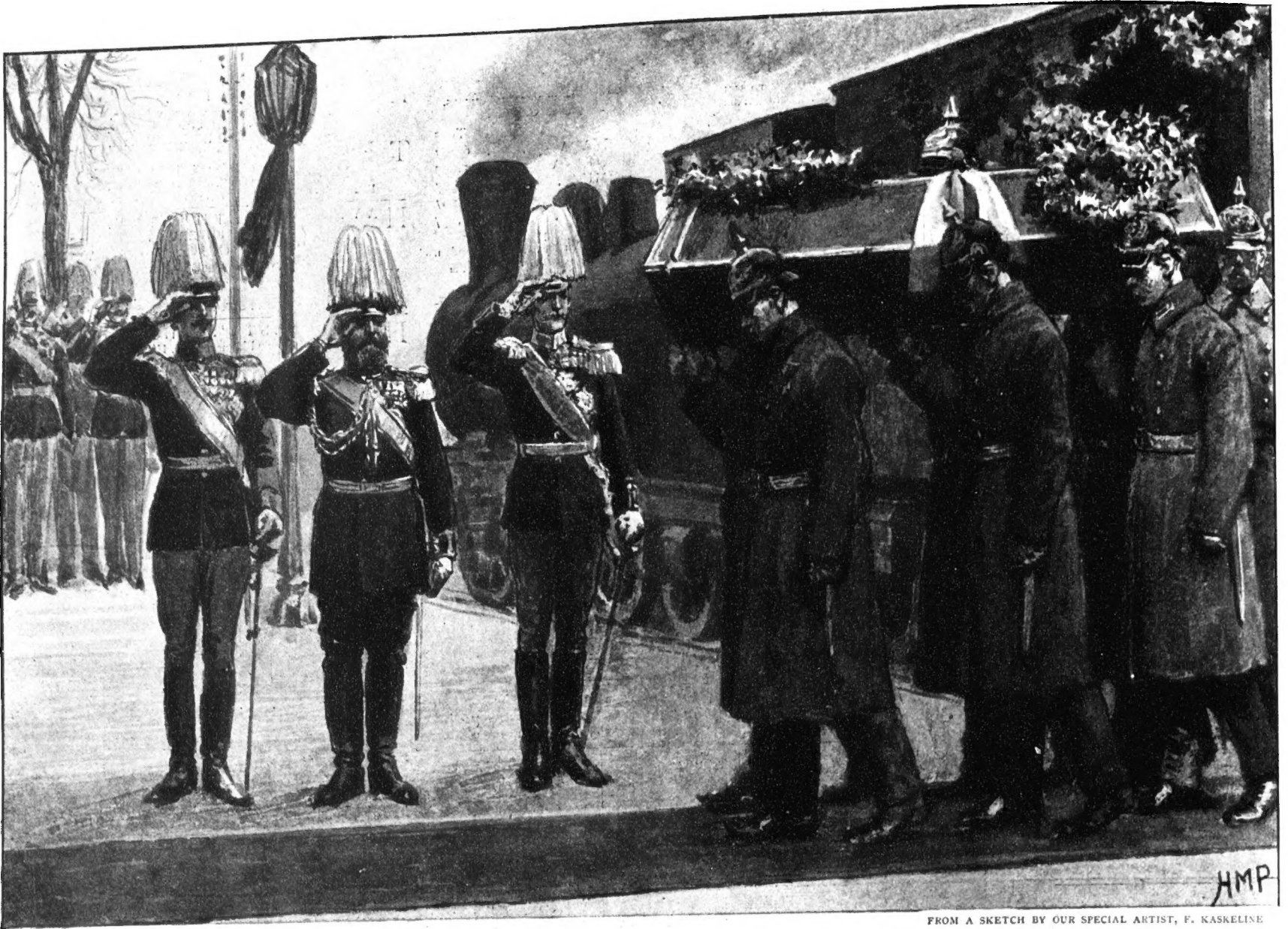
How long this will last who can say. New brooms proverbially sweep clean. The change already effected is as marked as the difference between a clean and a filthy room. Mr. Balfour and his colleagues, naturally, do not regard with approval the tendency towards diminished majorities. Knowing that the danger is rather apparent than real, they can rejoice with untrammelled fervour in the impulse given to the daily life of the House.

There is a Thin-paper Edition printed, the rate for which abroad is 33s. per annum; but as the appearance of the illustrations on this paper is so *inferior* to comparison, subscribers are particularly invited to order any of the editions quoted above in preference.

All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher
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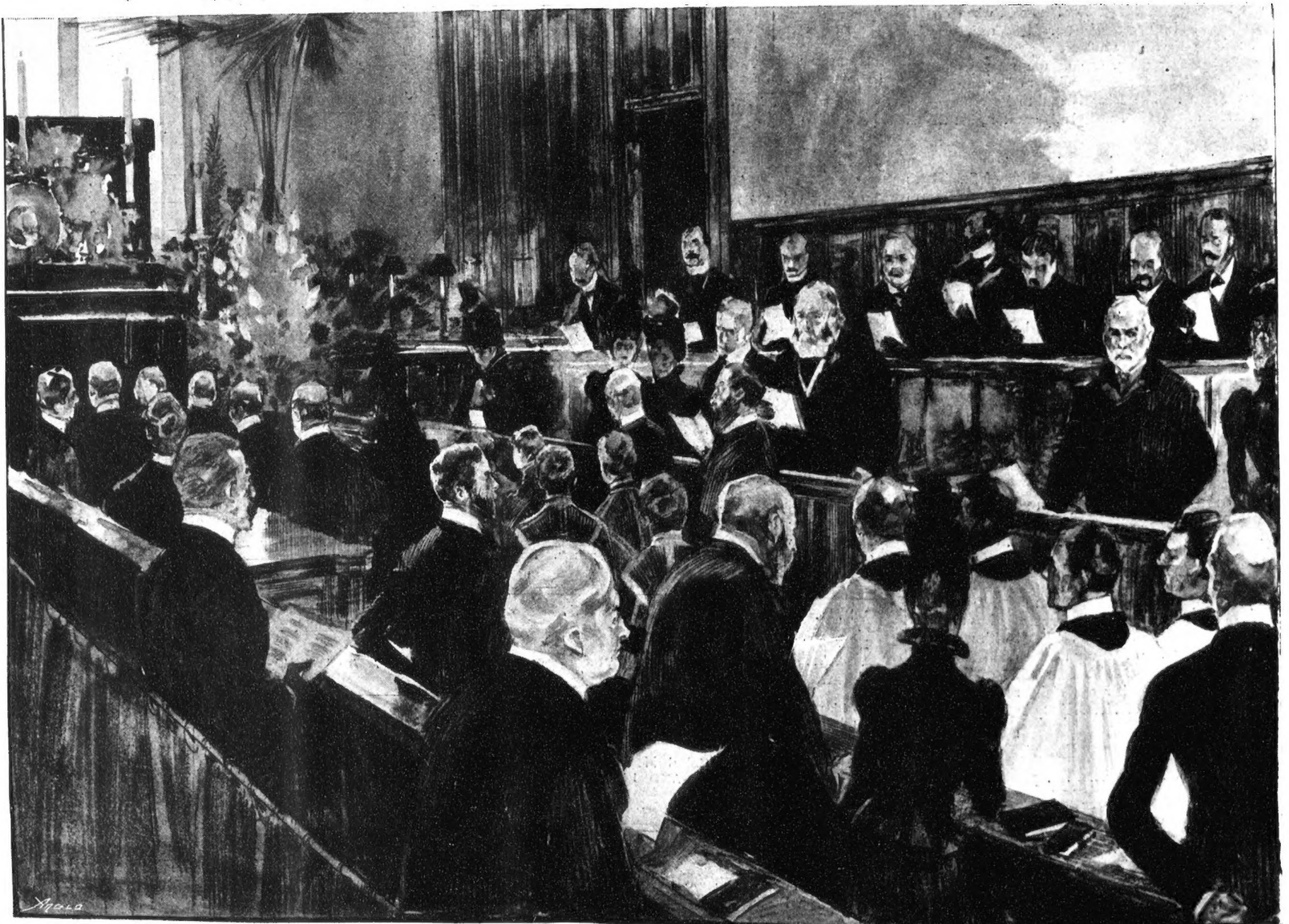
DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. KASKELINE

The coffin containing the remains of Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was conveyed from Coburg to Gotha, by train, in which the chief mourners, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, with his sons-in-law, the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe, travelled. The clergy of Gotha,

including the English Chaplain, together with military officers and Court officials, were on the platform at Gotha to meet the train. The body was carried from the train to the hearse by non-commissioned officers of the 95th Regiment

THE ARRIVAL OF THE BODY AT GOTHIA RAILWAY STATION



On the same day as the funeral at Gotha, a Memorial Service was held at the Chapel Royal St. James's. In the Royal pews were the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, Princes Adolphus and Francis of Teck, the Earl of Strafford (Senior Equerry to the Queen), and Lord and Lady Monson, who officially represented the bereaved parents. There were also present a large number of Ambassadors and representatives of Royal households, besides several Ministers

and other distinguished persons, including Lord Salisbury, Lord Haileybury, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Cross, Mr. Balfour, Lord George Hamilton, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Mr. Chaplin, Lord Elgin, Lord Harris, Lord Ripon and Lord Kimberley. The Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, the Rev. Edgar Shephard, officiated, and with him were two of the Queen's Priests in Ordinary, the Rev. Macnamara and the Rev. H. D. Bainbridge

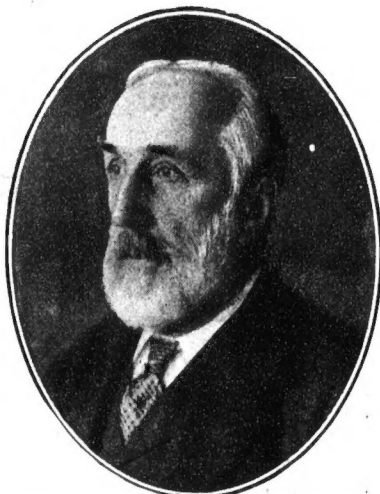
THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S
THE LATE PRINCE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHIA



THE LATE GEORGE DAVIDSON
The Derbyshire Cricketer



THE RIGHT REV. J. MITCHINSON
New Master of Pembroke College, Oxford



THE LATE MR. G. A. SPOTTISWOODE



SIR H. W. PRIMROSE, K.C.B.
New Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue

Our Portraits

As was anticipated, Sir H. W. Primrose, K.C.B., C.S.I., has been appointed Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue in succession to Mr. G. H. Murray, the new Secretary of the Post Office. Sir Henry William Primrose, who is in his fifty-third year, is the son of the late Hon. Rouverie Primrose, and a cousin of the Earl of Roselcy. He began his career as a clerk in the Treasury. From 1880 to 1884 he was private secretary to the Marquis of Ripon when the latter was Viceroy of India. His services in that capacity were recognised by the Companionship of the Star of India being conferred upon him in 1885. For a short time in 1886 he was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, and in the same year he was appointed Secretary to Her Majesty's Office of Works, a post he held until 1895, when he was made Chairman of the Board of Customs. He was created K.C.B. this year.—Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

The Right Rev. John Mitchinson, D.D., who has been elected to succeed the late Dr. Bartholomew Price as Master of Pembroke College, Oxford—an appointment which carries with it a Canonry in Gloucester Cathedral—is a man of wide culture and sound scholarship, and should make a good Head of his old College. He was born in 1833, and was educated at Durham Grammar School, from which he won a Scholarship at Pembroke College. He had a brilliant career at the University, obtaining a First Class in Moderations in 1853, a First in *Lit. Hum.* in 1854, and a First in Natural Science in 1855. He was subsequently elected Fellow of his College. He began work first as a Master at the Merchant Taylors' School, and while there was ordained. Then he was appointed Head Master of King's School, Canterbury. During his tenure of the post, from 1859 to 1873, the school turned out some clever pupils, among them being the present Warden of Radley and the Head of Pusey House, Oxford. He resigned in 1873 on his appointment as Bishop of Barbadoes and the Windward Islands, and held that see until 1881, when he retired. On his return home he was appointed by his old

College, Rector of Sibstone, Atherstone, and acted as condjutor to Dr. Magee, who was then Bishop of Peterborough. Bishop Mitchinson was, in 1886, made Archdeacon of Leicester. He is an Honorary Fellow of Pembroke, and has been Select Reader at Oxford and Ramsden Preacher at Cambridge. Durham University conferred the Degree of D.D. upon him in 1873.—Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. George Andrew Spottiswoode, who died last week, was the senior partner in the printing firm of Spottiswoode and Co., and was well known as an earnest and active Churchman. His loss to the Church of England was sorrowfully referred to in the two Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury as well as in the House of Laymen, of which he was vice-chairman. For many years Mr. Spottiswoode presided over the Lay-Helpers' Association of the Diocese of London, resigning his chairmanship only a few years ago to his brother-in-law, Mr. E. A. Ford. He was also one of the first group of diocesan readers who received the Bishop's commission



Half of one year out of the five, which will be taken to complete the great dam of the Nile at the First Cataract, is now past, and the amount of work done by Messrs. Aird and Co. in the time is surprising. The spot that was last June occupied by a native village, skirted by a waste of sand and rock, is now a hive of workers, with sheds, railways, canteens and dining-rooms for European artificers. Already there are more than 5,000 workmen engaged in clearing the foundations for the dam, the first stone of which was laid by the

Duke of Connaught on Sunday. The dam is intended to stretch across the Nile, with sluices and a long chain of locks, at a point where the river is nearly a mile in width. The height of the coping stone above the bed of the lower river will be 300 feet. The dam will make its effect felt for 144 miles along the river above it, and will create a lake which, if situated in England, would reach from London to Bristol.

BUILDING THE GREAT NILE DAM: GENERAL VIEW OF THE OPERATIONS AT ASSOAN

to conduct extra services and to preach in consecrated buildings. His death at the present moment is especially to be deplored, for, himself a High Churchman, he exercised a moderating influence in the present controversy and was respected by all with whom he was associated. Mr. Spottiswoode was the younger son of Mr. Andrew Spottiswoode, of Broom Hall, Surrey, and was born in 1827. He married Frances, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Sir St. Vincent Hammick, second Baronet.—Our portrait is by Elliot and Fry, Baker Street.

Derbyshire cricket has sustained a severe loss in the death of George Davidson, who for some years has been one of the prominent members of that county's eleven. He was in his thirty-third year, and played for his county for the first time in 1885, in which season he took nine wickets against Gloucestershire for forty-two runs. His best season was perhaps 1895, when in first-class matches he scored 1,296 runs, with an average of twenty-eight, and took 138 wickets. He was the only player, that year, who accomplished the double feat of scoring over 1,000 runs and taking more than 100 wickets. He made his highest score in 1896, when he made 274 against Lancashire. Last year he was not at his best as a bat, but bowled very well for his county.—Our portrait is by Reinhold, Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

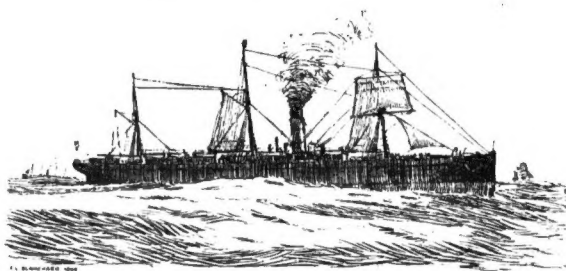
The Gales and Floods

FOR some days, beginning with last Saturday, gales and floods were reported in the South and West. The weather on the Atlantic has been very rough, and liners have been delayed, and some have arrived showing signs of the storms they had to battle with, some with loss of boats, and others encrusted with ice, and with members of their crews lost. The *Pavonia*, belonging to the Cunard line, was taken in tow by the steamer *Colorado*, having broken down in some way on her route. The tow rope snapped in a hurricane, and the *Pavonia* drifted out of sight. She had not since been heard of up to the time of our going to press, but the officials of the Company do not consider that there is any cause for alarm as to her safety. The steam collier *Arno*, bound from Sunderland for Portsmouth, was driven out of her course, and struck on the rocks between the Warner and Nab lightships, and soon began to settle down. Three boats were

launched, but only one reached the shore; the other two, with thirteen men on board, were lost.

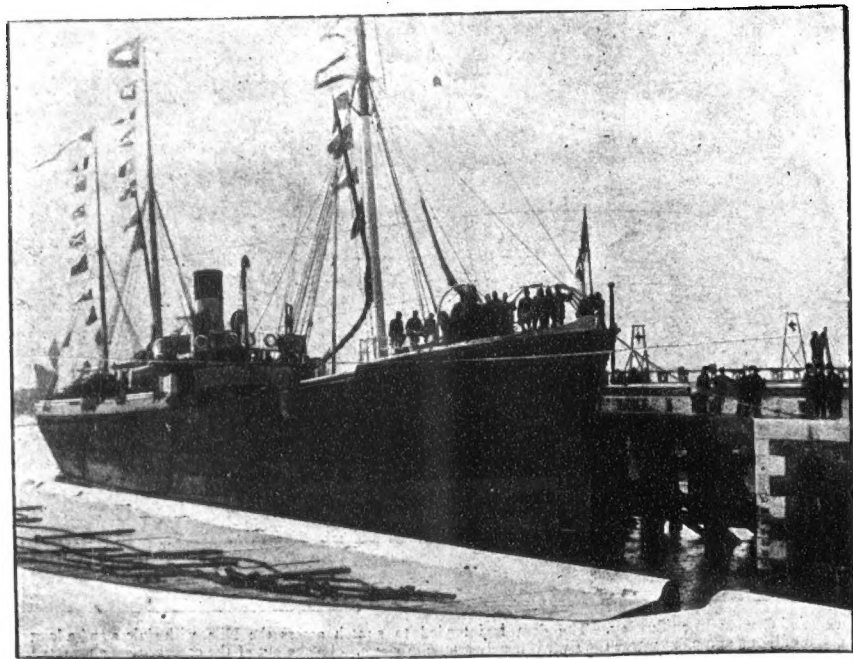


THE BREACH IN THE WALL AT SANDGATE



THE OVERDUE LINER "PAVONIA"

At many places on the coast considerable damage was done by the high seas. At Dover it is reported that heavier seas than those which swept the Admiralty pier have not been known for years. The national harbour works at Shakespeare's Cliff were seriously damaged. A breach was made in the sea wall at Sandgate on Friday, and although temporarily repaired on Saturday it was greatly increased on Saturday and Sunday, and now extends half way across the road at one point. A gang of men have since been at work filling up the gap. At Cowes, as will



The *Arno* was the first vessel to enter the Barry dock in 1889, and our illustration shows her severing the ribbon stretched across the entrance on that occasion.—Our photograph is by Dagglas, Cardiff

THE STEAM COLLIER "ARNO," WRECKED OFF SPITHEAD



The "bore" in the Severn, when it rushes up the stream at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, carrying all before it, and doing much damage to the banks, is a wonderful sight. The "bore" comes up at every tide, but it is only under certain conditions that it affords such a spectacle as shown in our illustration. On the morning of February 12 the wave at Newnham was something like four feet high.—Our photograph is by E. W. Prevost

THE HIGH TIDES IN THE SEVERN: THE "BORE" AT NEWNHAM

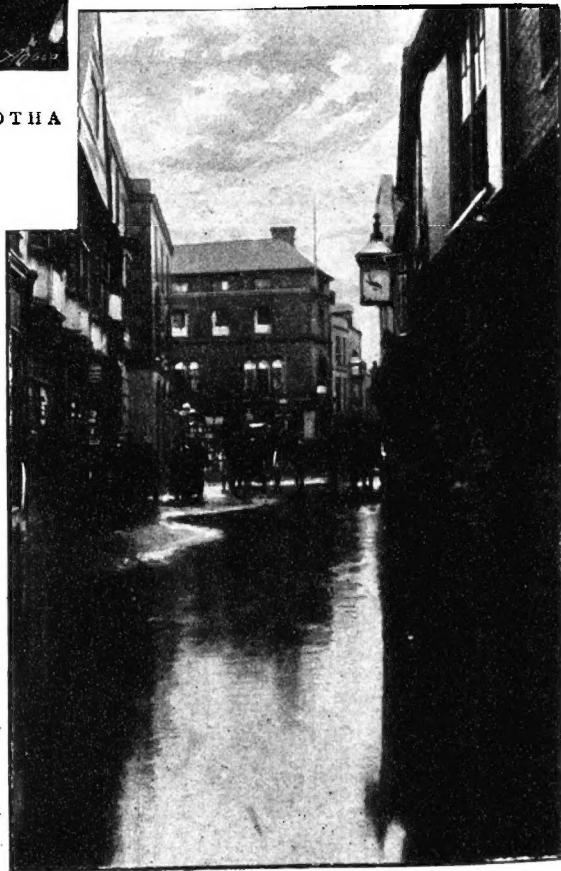
THE RECENT GALES AND FLOODS

be seen by our illustration, the streets have been under water. In the valley of the Thames floods seem to have occurred almost everywhere, and boating has been entirely stopped. At Eton the practice of the trial eights has been suspended, the river having risen over forty inches above high-water mark. In the Severn valley much alarm has been caused by the volume of the "bore," the head wave of which was about four feet in height, the other day, and did considerable damage, causing serious floods and sweeping away river craft.

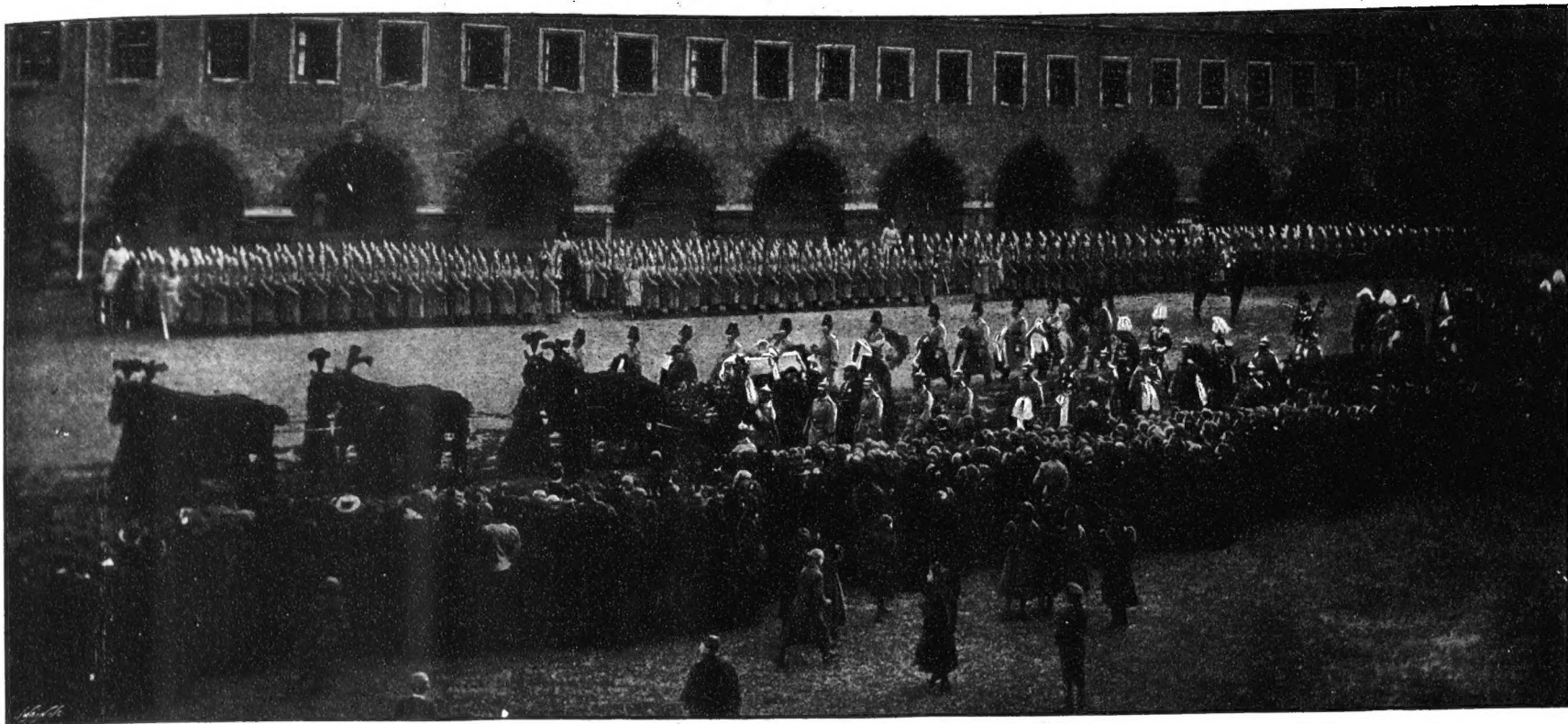
Royalty at Home and Abroad

MOURNING for the late Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg will keep the Court in gloom for some weeks to come, besides affecting the opening of the London season. Thus, both the first Drawing Room and the first Levée are postponed, nor will either be held, as originally intended, by the Queen and Prince of Wales in person. Her Majesty will be in too deep mourning to appear, while the Prince will be gone to the Continent before the date of the two first Levées on March 6 and 14. Both are to be held by the Duke of York. The Drawing Room is fixed for March 1, a second following on the 3rd, and probably Princess Christian will be the Queen's representative. Of course, the Royal Family and all connected with the Court will be in black, whilst all other ladies attending must wear half-mourning; brides and *debutantes* being permitted, however, to appear in pure white. Many of the handsome Drawing Room dresses already prepared will, therefore, not be available. Not only does the Court mourning last till March 9, but a fortnight's general mourning was ordered from Monday last.

The dead Prince's memory was duly honoured on the day of his funeral by two special Services. At Osborne there was a very simple Service in the private chapel attended by the Queen, Princesses



HIGH STREET, COWES



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN THE COURTYARD OF FRIEDENSTEIN PALACE

Henry and Louis of Battenberg and the Royal Household, while the guardship at Cowes fired minute guns. The function at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, was much more elaborate, the chapel being exquisitely decorated with white flowers and palms, and being crowded with Royalties, statesmen, Court officials, and personal friends. The Prince of Wales was there, sitting with the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke of Fife, Prince and Princess Christian brought their daughter, Lord Lorne came alone, as Princess Louise was not well, and the Duchess of Fife was also an absentee through illness. Part of the Burial Service was sung, with hymns and anthems, the Bishop of London and the Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal officiating.

The actual funeral of Prince Alfred at Gotha was a very simple ceremony, his family wishing to avoid all unnecessary pomp and display. When the Duke of Saxe-Coburg reached Meran to fetch home his son's remains, there was a short Service of blessing the body before the coffin was removed from the death chamber. Covered with flowers, the coffin was carried in a four-horsed hearse to the railway station, escorted—at the Austrian Emperor's desire—by troops and local officials in solemn procession, the trumpets sounding as the train left. A brief halt in the funeral journey was made at Coburg, where the dead Prince had spent a happy youth, and after fresh flowers had been laid on the car, the Prince's remains were taken on to Gotha for interment. All Gotha was in mourning as the funeral procession moved slowly from the railway station to the Friedenstern church, the bells of the city tolling, and the streets being lined with the inhabi-

itants. Troops headed the procession, then came the aide-de-camp bearing the Prince's decorations, and next the Prince's charger, preceding the hearse. Behind walked the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, with his sons-in-law, the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe, a group of representatives of foreign Courts related to the Grand Ducal House, deputations from various regiments, and a host of officials. The Duchess and her daughters met the procession at the church gateway, whence the coffin was carried by soldiers into the building, and placed before the altar. The Funeral Service itself was very short, and at its close the family gathered round the coffin for a last farewell. Whilst the Duke of Saxe-Coburg feels the loss of his only son most terribly, the Duchess has completely broken down, and the family are most anxious about her. All her married daughters are with the Duchess.

At present the Queen remains quite in seclusion, and no visitors were received at Osborne before Her Majesty left for Windsor on Tuesday. Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise of Battenberg accompanied the Queen, the Royal party reaching the Castle in the afternoon. Next week the official receptions will be resumed, one of the earliest guests being the Earl of Elgin, late Viceroy of India, whose audience at Osborne was deferred owing to the Royal mourning. When the Queen crosses from Folkestone to Boulogne next month, Her Majesty will probably make the voyage in the *Calais-Douvres* instead of in one of the Royal yachts. The Royal route has been altered to shorten the journey, both the sea passage and the railway trip being considerably less than via Cherbourg.

Whilst fulfilling various business engagements, the Prince of Wales takes no part in social functions just now. Committee meetings of the Millais Memorial Fund, the National Memorial to Mr. Gladstone, and the British Museum Trustees have duly found the Prince at their head, while he has been to the Tate Gallery to decide where Sir John Millais' statue should be placed.

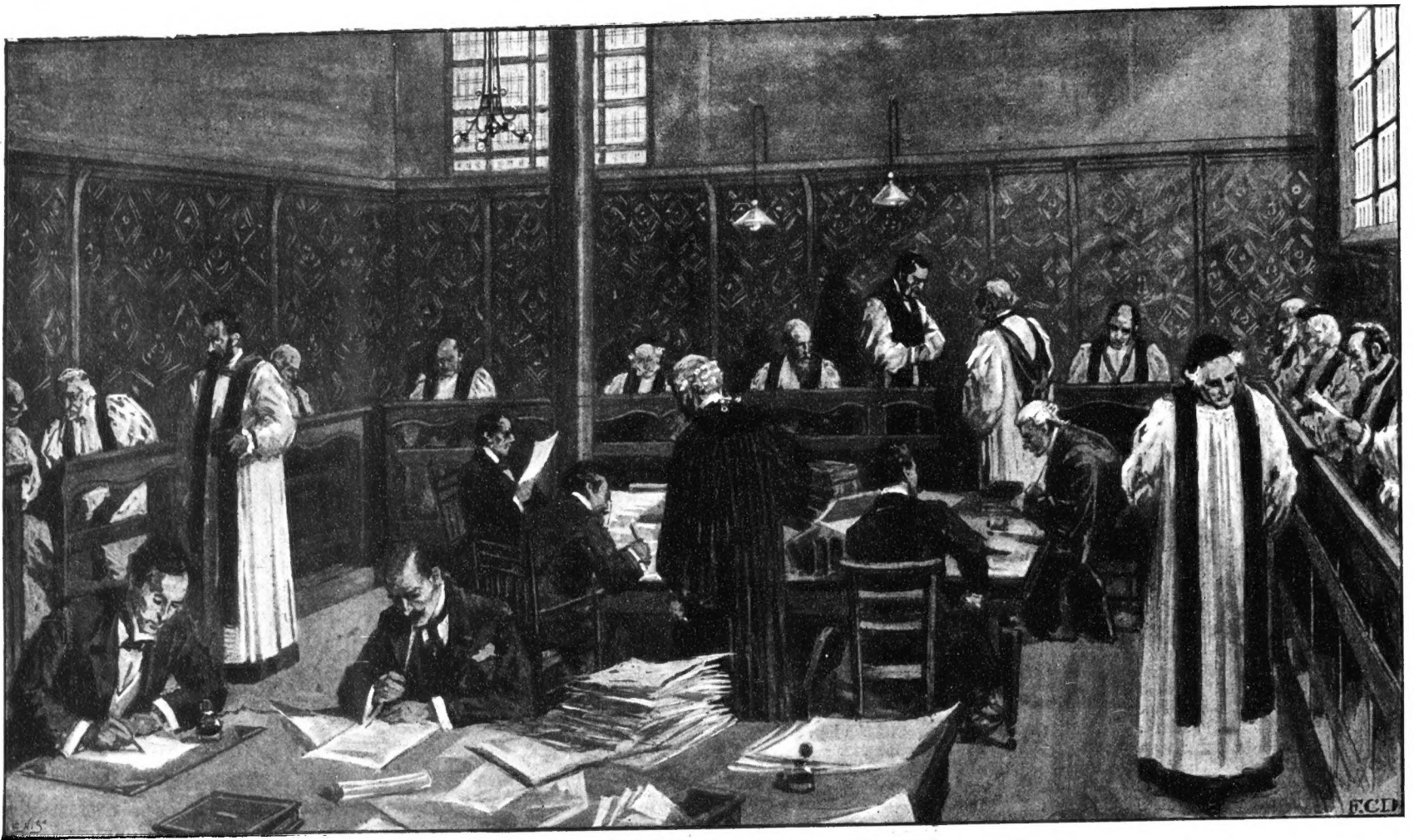
Every honour is being paid to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught during their visit to Egypt. High officials welcomed them at Alexandria and Cairo, and the Khedive has put his yacht *Feruz* at their disposal for use on the Nile. Owing to the Royal mourning the Duke and Duchess spent a very quiet time at Cairo, and left only after one day's stay for Assouan, where the Duke was to lay the foundation stone of the great barrage, or dam, and reservoir, which will so greatly improve the fertility of the neighbouring country. When the Duke and Duchess reached the spot on the Nile bank at the top of the Cataract, where the dam will begin, they were received by an Egyptian guard of honour and a large crowd of spectators. Having laid the stone with a silver trowel, the Duke made a short speech, and wrote a telegram to the Khedive on the top of the stone, whilst the crowd gave three cheers apiece to the Royal visitors. Then the Duke and Duchess crossed the Cataract and watched some natives swim the rapids before going back to the yacht for lunch. Later they took tea with the Commandant at Assouan, Major Pedley, and visited the bazaars. They are now on their way up the Nile, being expected at Khartoum yesterday (Friday).



FIRING A SALUTE IN THE COURTYARD OF FRIEDENSTEIN PALACE DURING THE BLESSING OF THE BODY

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRINCE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA

From Photographs by Professor E. Uhlenhuth, Coburg



MEMBERS OF THE UPPER HOUSE RE-ASSEMBLING AFTER LUNCH ON THE LAST DAY
 CONVOCAION OF CANTERBURY: THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES AT THE CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER
 DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



THE AWAKENING OF TITANIA
 THE PERFORMANCE OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY
 DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," and "The Invisible Man"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. LANOS

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued)

For some minutes he was running through the darkness along a long passage, and then he crossed some wide and open space, and down a long incline, and came at last down a flight of steps to a level place. Many people were shouting, "They are coming. The guards are firing. Get out of the way. The guards are firing. It will be safe in Seventh Way. Here to Seventh Way!" There were women and children in the crowd as well as men. Men called names to him. The crowd converged on an archway, passed through a short throat and emerged on a wider space again, lit dimly. The black figures about him spread out and ran up what seemed in the twilight to be a long series of steps. He followed. The people dispersed to the right and left. He perceived that he was no longer in a crowd. He stopped near the highest step. Before him, on that level, were groups of seats and a little kiosk. He went up to this and, stopping in the shadow of its eaves, looked about him panting.

Everything was vague and grey, but he recognised that these great steps were a series of the platforms of the "ways," now

motionless again. The platform slanted up on either side, and the tall buildings rose beyond, vast dim ghosts, their inscriptions and advertisements indistinctly seen, and up through the girders and cables was a faint interrupted ribbon of pallid sky. A number of people hurried by. From their shouts and voices, it seemed they were hurrying to join the fighting. Other less noisy figures flitted timidly among the shadows.

From very far away down the street he could hear the sound of a struggle. But it was evident to him that this was not the street into which the theatre opened. That former fight, it seemed, had suddenly dropped out of sound and hearing. And—grotesque thought!—they were fighting for him!

For a space he was like a man who pauses in the reading of a vivid book, and suddenly doubts what he has been taking unquestioningly. At that time he had little mind for details; the whole effect was a huge astonishment. Oddly enough, while the flight from the Council prison, the great crowd in the hall, and the attack of the red police upon the swarming people were clearly present in his mind, it cost him an effort to piece in his awakening and to revive the meditative intervals of the Silent Rooms. At first his

memory leapt these things and took him back to the cascade at Pentargen quivering in the wind, and all the sombre splendours of the sunlit Cornish coast. And then the gap filled, and he began to comprehend his position.

It was no longer absolutely a riddle as it had been in the Silent Rooms. At least he had the strange, bare outline now. He was in some way the owner of half the world, and great political parties were fighting to possess him. On the one hand was the White Council, with its red police, set resolutely it seemed on the usurpation of his property and perhaps his murder; on the other, the revolution that had liberated him, with this unseen "Ostrog" as its leader. And the whole of this gigantic city was convulsed by their struggle. Strange development of his world!

He had slipped out between them into this liberty of the twilight. What would happen next? What was happening? He figured the red-clad men as busily hunting him, driving the black-badged revolutionists before them.

At any rate chance had given him a breathing space. He could lurk, unchallenged by the passers-by, and watch the course of things. His eye followed up the intricate dim immensity of the twilight buildings, and it came to him as a thing infinitely wonderful, that on above there, four hundred feet above there, the sun was rising, and the world was lit and glowing with the old familiar light of day. In a little while he had recovered his breath. His clothing had already dried upon him from the snow.

He wandered for miles along these twilight ways, speaking to no one, accosted by no one—a dark figure among dark figures—the inestimable, unintentional owner of half the world, the coveted man out of the past. Wherever there were lights or dense crowds or exceptional excitement he was afraid of recognition, and watched and turned back or went up and down by the middle stairways, into some transverse system of ways at a lower or higher level. And though he came on no more fighting, the whole city stirred with battle. Once he had to run to avoid a marching multitude of men that swept the street. Everyone abroad seemed involved. For the most part they were men, and they carried what he judged were weapons. It seemed as though the struggle was concentrated mainly in the quarter of the city from which he came. Ever and again a distant roaring, the remote suggestion of that conflict, reached his ears. Then his caution and his curiosity struggled together. But his caution prevailed, and he continued wandering away from the fighting—so far as he could judge. He went unmolested, unsuspected through the dark. After a time he ceased to hear even a remote echo of the battle, fewer and fewer people passed him, until at last the Titanic streets became deserted. The frontage of the buildings grew plain and harsh; he seemed to have come to a deserted district of warehouses. Solitude crept upon him—his pace slackened.

He became aware of a growing fatigue. At times he would turn aside and seat himself on one of the numerous seats of the upper ways. But a feverish restlessness, the knowledge of his vital implication in this struggle, would not let him rest in any place for long. Was the struggle on his behalf alone?

And then in a desolate place came the shock of an earthquake—a roaring and thundering—a mighty wind of cold air pouring through the city, the smash of glass, the slip and thud of falling masonry—a series of gigantic concussions. A mass of glass and ironwork fell from the remote roofs into the middle gallery not a hundred yards away from him, and in the distance were shouts and running. He, too, was startled to an aimless activity, and ran first one way and then as aimlessly back.

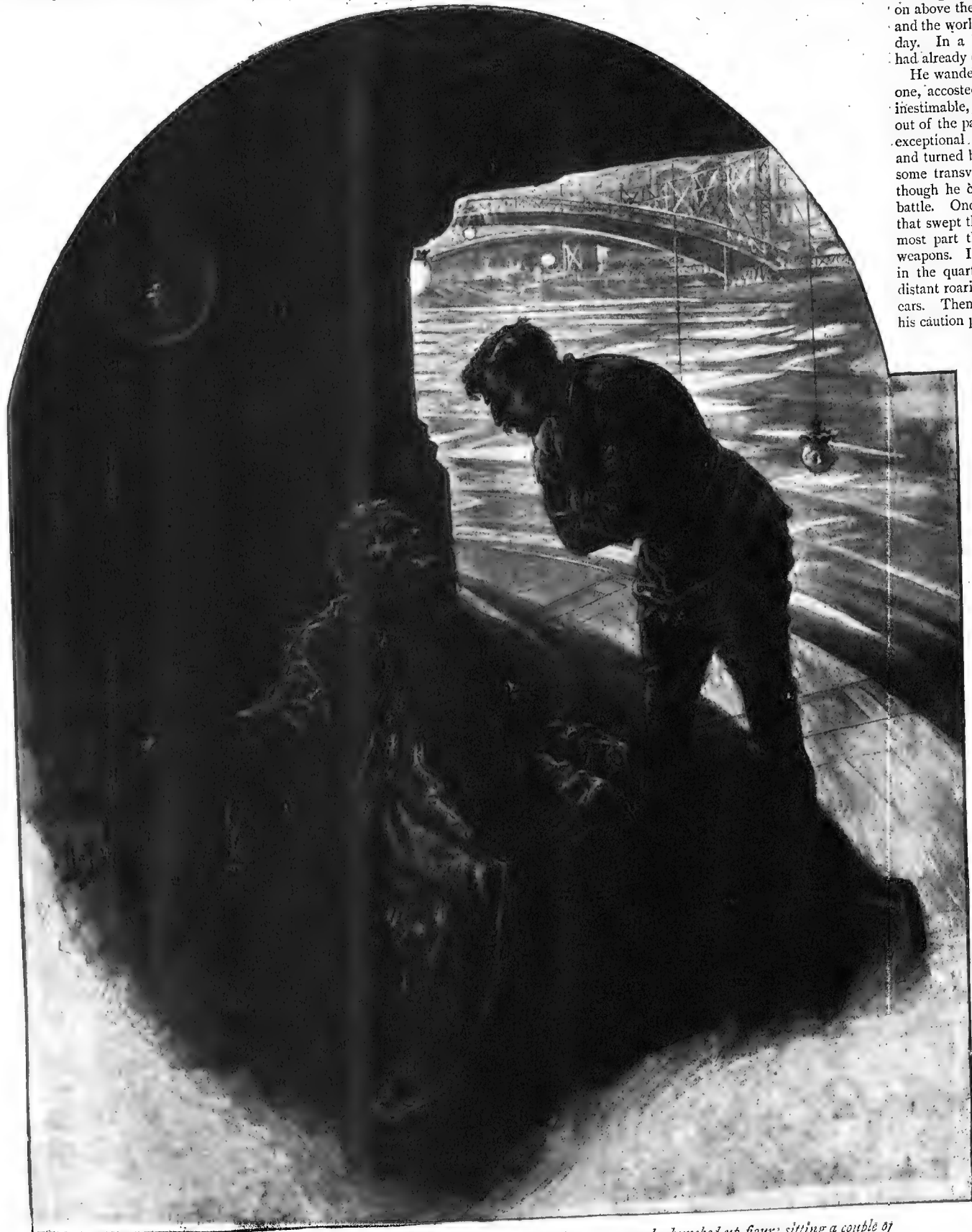
A man came running towards him. His self-control returned.

"What have they blown up?" asked the man breathlessly. "That was an explosion," and before Graham could speak he had hurried on.

The great buildings rose dimly above Graham everywhere, veiled by a perplexing twilight, albeit the rivulet of sky above was now bright with day. He noted many strange features, understanding none at the time; he even spelt out many of the inscriptions in Phonetic lettering. But what profits it to decipher a confusion of odd-looking letters resolving itself, after painful strain of eye and mind, into "Here is Eadhamite," or "Labour Bureau—Little Side"? Grotesque thought, that in all probability some or all of these cliff-like houses were his!

The perversity of his experience came to him vividly. In actual fact he had made such a leap in time as romancers have imagined again and again. And that fact realised, he had been prepared, his mind had, as it were, seated itself for a spectacle. And no spectacle, but a great vague danger, unsympathetic shadows and veils of darkness. Somewhere through the labyrinthine obscurity his death sought him. Would he, after all, be killed before he saw? It might be that even at the next shadowy corner his destruction ambushed. A great desire to see, a great longing to know, arose in him.

He became fearful of corners. It seemed to him that there was safety in concealment. Where could he hide to be inconspicuous when the lights returned?



"He was startled by a cough close at hand. He turned sharply, and peering saw a small, hunched-up figure sitting a couple of yards off in the shadow of the enclosure"

"Come, come," said the old man, "if you had a glass of drink, would you put it in your ear or your eye?"

"I want you to tell me all these things."

"Well, gentlemen who dress in silk must have their A withered hand caressed Graham's arm for a moment. Well, well! But, all the same, I wish I was the man who set up as the Sleeper. He'll have a fine time of it. All the and pleasure. He's a queer-looking face. When they used anyone go to see him, I've got tickets and been. The image real one, as the photographs show him, this substitute used Yellow. But he'll get fed up. It's a queer world. Think black of it. The luck of it. I expect he'll be sent to Capri. The best fun for a greener."

"Enough overtook him again. Then he began mumbling of pleasures and strange delights. 'The luck of it, the it! All my life I've been in London, hoping to get my it you don't know that the Sleeper died,' said Graham."

"The old man made him repeat his words."

"I don't live beyond ten dozen. It's not in the order of," said the old man. "I'm not a fool. Fools may believe it, me."

"I'm became angry with the old man's assurance. 'Whether a fool or not,' he said, 'it happens you are wrong about the Sleeper.'"

"You are wrong about the Sleeper. I haven't told you before, I will tell you now. You are wrong about the Sleeper."

"How do you know? I thought you didn't know anything—not about Pleasure Cities."

Graham paused.

"You don't know," said the old man. "How are you to know? Very few men—"

"I am the Sleeper."

He had to repeat it.

There was a brief pause. "There's a silly thing to say, sir, you'll excuse me. It might get you into trouble in a time like this," said the old man.

Graham, slightly dashed, repeated his assertion.

"I was saying I was the Sleeper. That years and years ago I indeed fall asleep, in a little stone-built village, in the days when there were hedgerows, and villages, and inns, and all the countryside cut up into little pieces, little fields. Have you never heard of those days? And it is I—I who speak to you—who awakened again these four days since."

"Four days since!—the Sleeper! But they've got the Sleeper. They have him, and they won't let him go. Nonsense! You've been talking sensibly enough up to now. I can see it as though I was there. There will be Lincoln like a keeper just behind him; they won't let him go about alone. Trust them. You're a queer fellow. One of these fun pokers. I see now why you have been clipping your words so oddly, but—"

He stopped abruptly, and Graham could see his gesture.

"As if Ostrog would let the Sleeper run about alone! No, you're telling that to the wrong man altogether. Eh! as if I should believe. What's your game? And besides, we've been talking of the Sleeper."

Graham stood up. "Listen," he said. "I am the Sleeper."

"You're an odd man," said the old man, "to sit here in the dark, talking clipped, and telling a lie of that sort. But—"

Graham's exasperation fell to laughter. "It is preposterous," he cried. "Preposterous. The dream must end. It gets wilder and wilder. Here am I—in this damned twilight—I never knew a dream in twilight before—trying to persuade an old fool that I am myself, and meanwhile—Ugh!"

He moved in gusty irritation and went striding. In a moment the old man was pursuing him. "Eh! but don't go!" cried the old man. "I'm an old fool, I know. Don't go. Don't leave me in all this darkness."

Graham hesitated, stopped. Suddenly the folly of telling his secret flashed into his mind.

"I didn't mean to offend you—disbelieving you," said the old man coming near. "It's no manner of harm. Call yourself the Sleeper if it pleases you. 'Tis a foolish trick—"

Graham hesitated, turned abruptly and went on his way.

For a time he heard the old man's hobbling pursuit and his wheezy cries receding. But at last the darkness swallowed him, and Graham saw him no more.

(To be continued)

The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

ON the highest authority I am glad to be able to contradict the report with regard to the possible "golfication" of Epping Forest. I have received a letter from Mr. H. Homewood Crawford, in which he says:—"As a constant reader of your weekly notes in *The Graphic*, and as legal adviser to the Conservators of Epping Forest (the ancient Corporation of London), permit me to give you my unqualified assurance that there is not the slightest foundation for the absurd assertion that 'ten thousand trees are to be cut down in Epping Forest for the purpose of constructing golf-links.' This grand old forest was rescued by the Corporation, at great expense, for the people; and it is not likely so grave a breach of public trust would be permitted so long as the forest remains under its protecting wings." It is very satisfactory to know this, and it is supremely comforting to find in these days, when open spaces and commons are being annexed in all directions, the Corporation of the City of London have determined that at any rate there shall be one rural retreat where the enjoyment of the many shall not be sacrificed to the game of the few.

Can anyone explain to me the mystery of the prospectuses of public companies? I have hundreds sent to me in the course of the year. If I wish to invest in any of these projects I find they always give me too little time to get the money together to pay the deposit for the shares I wish to take. No doubt this is a merciful dispensation, for I very rarely am induced to invest, or to try to invest, in the countless tempting good things that are brought before me every week. If I apply for something that has the reputation of being an excellent investment, I find that I cannot get anything at all, and am told that the thing has been subscribed three times over. If I apply for anything and get my full allotment, I am not infrequently very sorry for it afterwards. I confess the whole system of these prospectuses is a mystery to me. Probably the reason is that I do not understand them. I confess I do not understand them at all, and if any sound, respectable, financial paper would write a clear, concise, common-sense article upon them, it would confer a great benefit upon the community, among which I may account myself the most ignorant.

It is pleasant to notice considerable improvement recently in the four-wheel cab. Some specimens I have recently seen leave little to be desired. All we now want is a greater number of such vehicles and a reduction in the quantity of hansoms. With regard to the four-wheeler one very simple improvement might easily be adopted, that is a window in front, easy to open, by which means you could communicate with the driver. The old-fashioned check-string—which at the very best was a most inefficient contrivance—is but rarely seen nowadays, and if you want to speak to the driver, it is a difficult and sometimes dangerous operation. It is on record that stout gentlemen, leaning well out of one side of the cab to talk to the driver, have occasionally upset the vehicle altogether to their great personal discomfort. I, myself, recollect once going out to

dinner on a terribly rainy night. I was in a four-wheeler, and kept both the windows up in order to avoid being splashed. A little while before arriving at my destination the driver took a wrong turn. I promptly lowered the glass and put my head out, and told him which way to go. While I was talking to him I received a large lump of mud right in my mouth, which subsequently imparted a somewhat gritty flavour to a very excellent dinner. All this would have been avoided had there only been a small window that might be easily opened in close proximity to the driver.

Further plans are being made, so I understand, for cutting up into building plots and ruining some of the most beautiful parts of the Upper Thames. I hear of one of the most picturesque villages where most of the tenants have received notices, and I understand it is proposed to rebuild the place. The consequence will probably be that every facility will be offered to the daily tripper, but the people who really spend money in the place will be driven out of it, and the prosperity of the neighbourhood will materially decline. The mistaken principle of killing the goose for the golden eggs, which has been so often made manifest in many of our best seaside and country places, will doubtless again be emphatically demonstrated in the village in question. It is hard to understand why this should be, as the last season on the Thames was, notwithstanding the exceptionally fine weather, remarkable as being a somewhat poor one. The letters of boats, the fishermen, the innkeepers, all complained, and there were many houses on the banks had a difficulty in obtaining tenants. I am inclined to think this is all due to overcrowding and overbuilding, and so the best class of people have been driven away altogether. Yet in the face of this we hear of various big building schemes and propositions to open up and develop certain quarters. When the banks of the Thames are "developed," they soon become suburbanised, and then quickly lose their charm altogether.

It does not seem that my protest with regard to the footway between the bottom of the Haymarket has up the present time been of much service. The British public for the last two or three years have had to put up with every variety of footpath in the quarter alluded to, and now they are not allowed to have any footpath at all, but are unceremoniously turned into the road, where they run the risk of being run over by the omnibus, the hansom, the motor or the cycle. Thus the choice of every form of juggernaut is placed at their disposal. If they meet with no tragic fate they are either frightened out of their wits, or become so extensively splashed that they are unrecognisable by their dearest friends. This state of things has been borne in most uncomplaining and lamb-like fashion by suffering ratepayers for a long while, and now they are most naturally beginning to inquire when this despotic treatment is likely to terminate. I have frequently asked what the parish gets for such disturbance of the public sidewalk, but I cannot find anyone who can give me information on the subject. Surely public convenience cannot be sacrificed to private interest without considerable compensation.

Cruft's Dog Show

THE annual show organised by Mr. C. Cruft, at the Agricultural Hall, was an undoubted success this year. No fewer than 611 classes were provided in the schedule, and 664 special prizes. The entries in the show—the fifteenth promoted by Mr. Cruft—numbered 3,435, which included about 1,900 dogs, as most of them were entered in more than one class. It is impossible to notice more than a few of the long list of prize winners. Bloodhounds made a good show, and Mr. Brough won prizes with Babbo and Brocade, and secured the sporting trophy. Bulldogs were largely represented. Most of the prize winners in this breed had distinguished themselves in shows before, and were well-known, but there were a large number besides of more than average quality. Mr. Sam Woodiwiss's celebrated Baron Sedgmore not only won a first prize in his class, but also he won the sporting trophy and seven special prizes. A contrast to the delightfully ugly bulldogs were the handsome collies, which made a brave show, although many of the most notable dogs were absent. Mr. Tait took the first prize with his Rightaway. Much interest was taken in the toy-dogs, which included Pomeranians, pugs, schipperkes, King Charles's spaniels, Italian greyhounds, Yorkshire and other terriers. Some of these ladies' exhibits, which were shown in a smaller hall, made very pretty pictures. One lady had a team of King Charles's spaniels, which made a charming group.



THREE PRIZE WINNERS



A LADY AND HER TEAM



AN APPETITE FOR HONOURS



"THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, A.D. 1666," BY STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A., PRESENTED BY THE SUN INSURANCE OFFICE
 THE DECORATION OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: THE SIXTH MURAL PAINTING



"A GENTLE REMINDER"
FROM THE PAINTING BY FRED MORGAN

BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

The Fate of Andrée

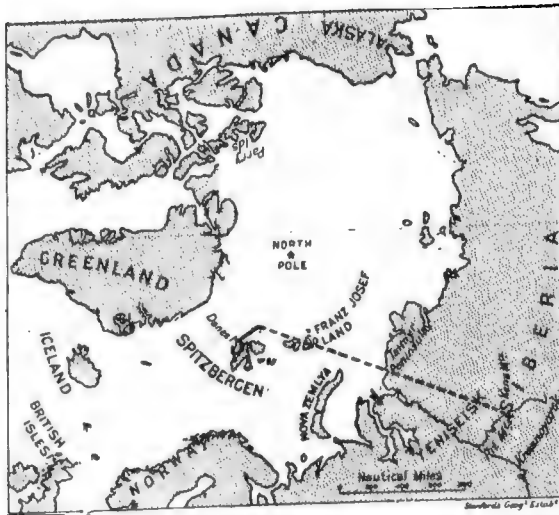
By A. MONTEFIORE BRICE, F.R.G.S.

ALTHOUGH it seems almost incredible that for a year and a-half the wreck of the Andrée Expedition should lie unmarked so well within the touch of the civilising Russian in the Venesei Valley, yet it is just possible, of course, that Andrée and his ill-fated balloon may have swept over Siberia in some dark northerly gale, and, unnoticed then and undiscovered until now, dropped to earth and fell on disaster all in one swift tragic moment.

And yet when we reflect that all the officials throughout Siberia had been notified of the possibility of Andrée's appearance, and had been instructed to give him every aid in their power, and that thousands of illustrated leaflets had been distributed amongst the natives—showing them the balloon in mid-air, and how they might help to land the occupants safely when the anchor had been thrown out, it does really seem strange that in its long sail southward over the whole of the tundra belt of Siberia, no one marked the passing of the strange body—strangest yet seen in that country. Still, such things be; and it would be as foolish to condemn the report off-hand as it would be rash to receive it without a grain of reserve.

Meanwhile, we may let our memories wander back to that gallant Andrée—ever undaunted throughout the hard years of struggle and toil and baffled hope and doubting friends which went to make up his preparation. He was as full of force and power in those darkest days as when, on July 11, 1897—at 2.25 p.m., to be precise—he stepped on to the car of the great air-ship he had happily baptised "The Eagle," and said in his quiet way to his companions, "Strindberg, Fraenkel—let us go."

It was this quiet reserve of strength, this latent fund of purpose, which impressed me so much—which impressed most people, I think. Moreover, he was a fine-looking man, with great physical



The dotted line indicates the track from Dane's Island to the place where the bodies of the explorers are reported to have been found

MAP SHOWING THE SUPPOSED ROUTE OF M. ANDRÉE

plans; as a child, almost, he delighted to talk of the thousand and one little contrivances and inventions which had been made to accommodate space in the all-too-circumscribed air-ship. He told

would begin to cook the soup. When that desirable end was achieved, then they would blow down the other tube, put out the lamp, and haul the whole lot up into the car! It was very ingenious, and I only hope that while the voyage lasted that that good friend to man—the kitchen—did not fail them.

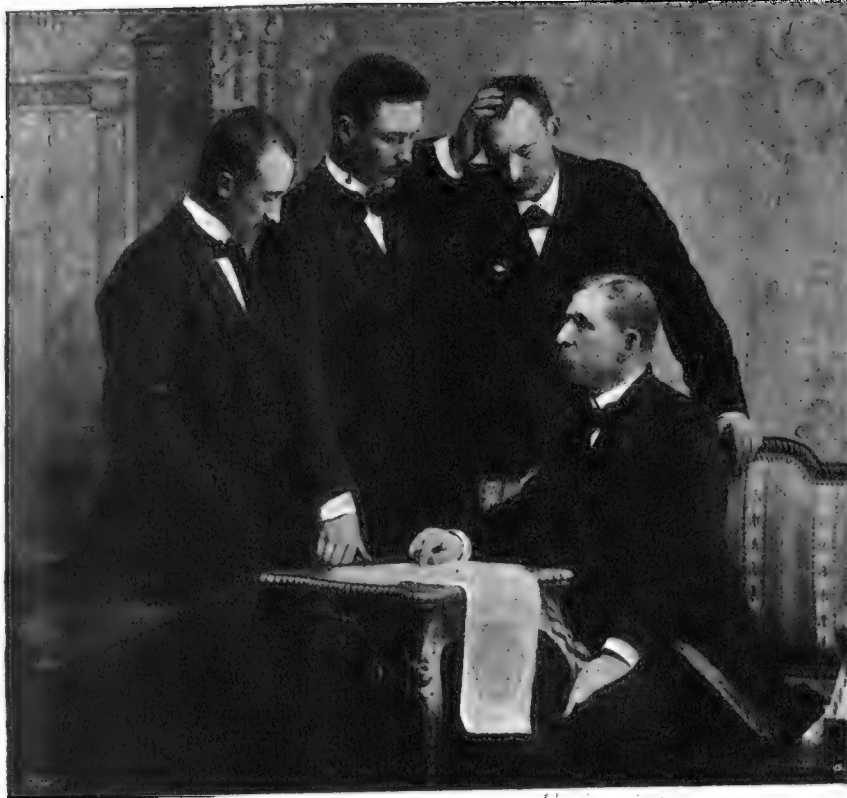
I saw Andrée several times after that, and was occasionally in correspondence with him. He sent me these photos of his quarters in Spitzbergen, and of his sojourn at Dane's Island, and I arranged with Mr. Harmsworth to send out a boat, some clothes, &c., to Franz Josef Land, where Andrée thought he would very likely find himself in the course of his voyage. I sent instructions to our party at Elmwood to put aside a year's stores for three men, with plenty of fuel and oil, and deposit these in one of the huts which go to make up Mr. Harmsworth's splendid "Arctic Settlement" in Franz Josef Land; and the best we could all wish Andrée is that he landed there and entered into possession of the good things he knew to be awaiting him. Indeed, when the only true pigeon-borne letter from him came to hand, and we learnt that he was then in the latitude of northern Franz Josef Land, and a little to the westward, but was then travelling east, I felt certain that when he came over that strange group of islands, he would descend, and at least secure his base. But this autumn we learnt from Wellman, the American explorer, now on Franz Josef Land, that he had visited Elmwood and found no signs of Andrée, or of his having called for his supplies—so we had to give that up and hope that it was indeed true that he was on the N.E. Coast of Greenland, or in the extreme north of Arctic America, hindered either by accident, weather, or natives, or the whole three together, from making a speedier reappearance before a waiting world.

And now let us go back to that moment when men last saw Andrée and his companions passing from sight in their balloon—a view of which we are able to give. This is what one of his greatest friends saw: "We see the balloon rise above the



MR. S. A. ANDRÉE

powers and obviously a high range of mental vision. A fair-haired, blue-eyed Swede, 6 ft. 2 in. in height, broad in proportion, but compact and smartly built at the same time, he showed the usual military bearing, but none of the too usual military "side." The man was strong as a lion, and the man was as simple as a child. As a lion, too, he defended his



M. Machuon M. Strindberg M. Fraenkel M. Andrée
Representative of the Balloon makers
DISCUSSING THE EXPEDITION
Photo by G. F. O. man



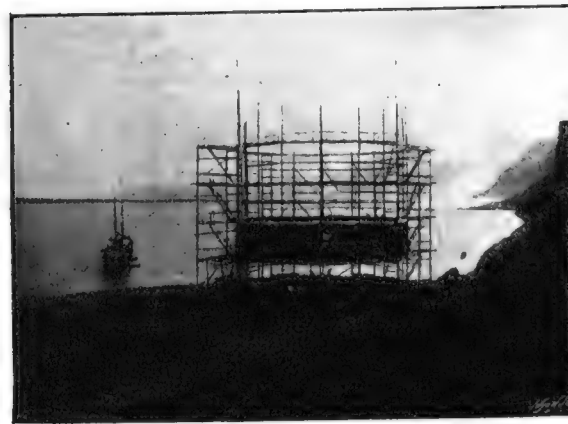
MR. STRINDBERG
Second Officer

distant hill and outline itself for a few minutes against the blue sky, previous to descending behind the range and being lost to view. . . . A moment later, between two hills, we see a grey speck floating high above the sea—far, very far off, and then—it disappears for ever! Nothing to be seen—nothing to tell where our friends are; now mystery folds them round!"



VISITORS TO VIRGO BAY

me of his simple plan of making one sledge into two, and he laughed with me at his ingenious kitchen—a simple but necessary affair. For it seems that anything like cooking is highly dangerous in a balloon car. Consequently, Andrée had invented a kitchen which consisted of a can for boiling soup or stewing meat, with a lamp below it for fire, and the whole was suspended about twenty-five feet below the car by two hollow tubes. Now, down one of these tubes ran a cord, and when the explorers needed food they would pull this cord, the cord would pull a lever, the lever would strike a match, the match would light the lamp, and the lamp



THE BALLOON SHED ON DANE'S ISLAND



LANDING THE BALLOON IN ITS CASE AT DANE'S ISLAND



THE LAST SEEN OF THE BALLOON
(Five minutes after the start, July 11, 1897)

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

THE new musical comedy, *Black and White*, which after some amount of "touring," has found its way this week to the handsome new theatre at Fulham, is remarkable as a sort of attempt to revive the old form of English operetta, though it bears a chosen resemblance, perhaps, to those primitive vaudevilles—or *pièces mêlées de chant*—which some sixty years since were very popular in France. In other words the music seems more loosely associated with the story than it is wont to be in musical comedies and pieces of its kind. *Black and White*, by Mr. Mark Melford, with music by Mr. Crook, is simply a farce, the characters in which suspend their action now and then to sing solos or concerted pieces. It is a story of an old Anglo-Indian officer who, having been twice married—first to an English lady and secondly to an Indian native woman—has had a daughter by each wife who has inherited her mother's complexion. It is the father's schemes for marrying his fair daughter to an Indian Rajah, and his dark daughter to an English nobleman with a title but no cash, which furnish the source of the greater part of the humour. The situations are amusing, the music is fairly tuneful, and the piece, being cleverly acted, was received by the Fulham audience very favourably.

The St. JAMES'S Theatre will undergo next summer extensive alterations and improvements. The acquirement of some adjacent property will enable Mr. George Alexander to considerably enlarge the auditorium as well as to extend and greatly modify all the arrangements of the stage. The St. JAMES'S has often been redecorated, renovated, and improved from the point of view of the comfort and convenience of audiences; but as regards its general form and holding capacity it remains what it was when it was built by the famous operatic singer Braham sixty-five years ago.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new comedy, which will, it seems, be first seen in New York, is to bear the title *Two Kinds of Women*. Mr. George Alexander is said to have secured it for the St. JAMES'S Theatre. For the present, however, Mr. Alexander's needs are well supplied; for, besides Mr. Edward Rose's historical romance *In Days of Old*, Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), author of *The Ambassador*, has provided him with a new three-act drama, partly in verse and partly in prose, which is to be known as *Osbert and Ursula*.

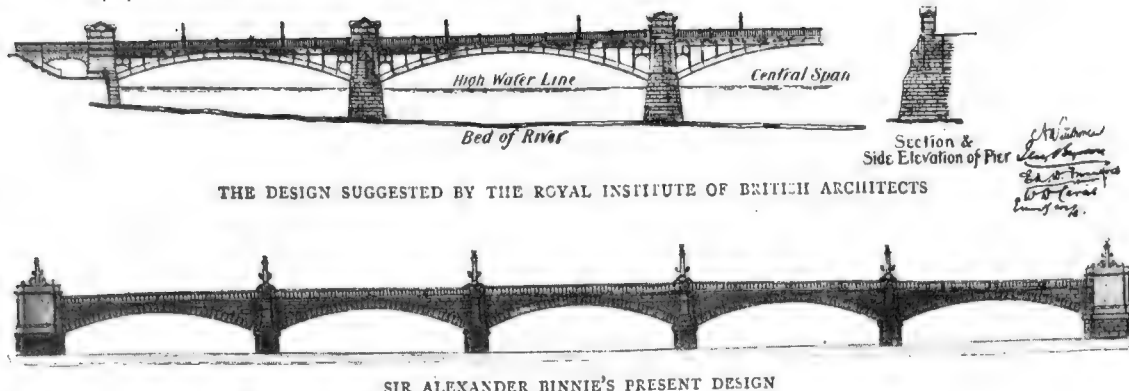
Mr. Lowenfeld's belief that the unfriendly reception accorded to the new musical piece at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre was due to the malicious efforts of an organised band of disturbers, would be very serious if it were not simply incredible. Any persons taking part in such proceedings would be guilty of a criminal conspiracy at Common law, and it is obvious that the "organiser" would be at the mercy of any one of his numerous agents who should choose to disclose the facts and appear as a witness against him. "Organised bands of wreckers" have often been heard of, but as yet the evidence of their existence has been limited to the simple fact that first night audiences occasionally give vigorous expression to their disapprobation of a new play.

London has now for some time been without a circus, but this omission is soon to be remedied. A handsome new building for this perennially popular form of entertainment is now in process of construction at the corner of Cranbourne Street and Charing Cross Road. It will be known as the "LONDON HIPPODROME."

The spectacle of popular actresses selling programmes at benefit matinées has long been familiar, and it is believed to be generally attended with substantial advantages, for who would think of offering a humble sixpence in exchange for a programme to one of these fair volunteers in the sacred cause of benevolence? In Paris, however, they have hit on a new idea in this way. It is that of inducing the public to take places beforehand on such occasions by placing the booking system in the hands of distinguished actresses. When the act of taking a ticket for a performance includes a glimpse of Madame Magnier or Jeanne Granier, and a chat with such popular persons even through a box-office pigeon-hole, who can wonder that hearts are opened. The handsome sums secured the other day for Madame Noémie Vernon and Madame Duchamp, operatic singers now stricken down with paralysis, are attributed in no small degree to this insidious device.

A theatrical journal makes the interesting announcement that Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., is about to make a gift of 2,000*l.* to the Royal General Theatrical Fund as a memorial to his late wife, Lady Martin, better known to the world as Helen Faucit, whose artistic fame is so closely associated with the genius of Macready.

The alertness and the enterprise of the new suburban playhouses is inexhaustible. It is only a week or two ago since the OPERA COMIQUE announced the intention of printing every evening a tiny newspaper containing the latest telegrams and other items of news, and circulating it among the audiences at the evening performances of *Alice in Wonderland*; but already the notion has been capped by the management of the new theatre at Kennington Park, who have started a substantial monthly magazine to be published at the theatre, the contents of which are to be contributed chiefly by members of the companies who appear at the PRINCESS OF WALES'S week by week.



THE DESIGN SUGGESTED BY THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS

SIR ALEXANDER BINNIE'S PRESENT DESIGN

THE RIVAL DESIGNS FOR NEW VAUXHALL BRIDGE

An excellent idea has been put in operation by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre. Placed conspicuously in front of the musical conductor's desk is a white tablet on which appears, visible from every part of the house as soon as the curtain falls on each act, a notification of the length of the interval.

The bust of Dumas Père, which has been placed in the vestibule of the theatre, is one of the only three replicas made of the original, which stands in the foyer of the COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE. It was obtained by Mr. Tree through the exertions of Mr. David Rothschild, the well-known art expert. One of the copies, in terra-cotta, stands in the ODÉON in Paris; the second, in bronze, is in the possession of the Dumas family. Before Mr. Tree could



BUST OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS PLACED IN THE VESTIBULE OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

secure the bust he had first to get the permission of the widow of Henri Chapu, the sculptor; secondly, of the Curator at the Museum at Mée, near Fontainebleau, with the counter signature of the Mayor of that town; and lastly, a licence from the Minister of Fine Arts. The cast had to be brought from Mée to Paris with an official guarantee as to its safety and return.



H.M.S. Resistance

H.M.S. Hector

The old non-effective ship *Resistance*, bound from Plymouth to the Mersey, to be broken up, put into Holyhead Harbour last week to escape the fury of the gale blowing in the Irish Channel. When midway between the breakwater and the Royal Mail Jetty she suddenly foundered, and those in charge had a narrow escape. The vessel had been used formerly for target practice. Our photograph, which is by S. Cribb, Southsea, shows the *Resistance* lying in "Rotten Row," Portsmouth, side by side with the *Hector*.

THE FATE OF ONE OF THE FIRST OF OUR IRONCLADS

Miss Betham-Edwards, the novelist, who has so intimate an acquaintance with French history, life and manners, has written a play, of which the most prominent personage is Danton, and the scene his native town of Arcis-sur-Aube and neighbourhood. It is founded on a novel by the same writer, and will shortly be subjected to a trial in the MUNICIPAL Theatre in the historic city of Rheims, preparatory to its production in English in London and New York.

The run of the pantomime of *Dick Whittington* at the ADELPHI closes with this evening's performance, and on Thursday, March 11, Mr. Norman Forbes will commence his season at this house with his new play founded on that old historical mystery *The Man in the Iron Mask*.

The GLOBE Theatre re-opens this evening with the revival of *Ours*, of which we have already given some particulars. Mr. Hare resumes his original part of Prince Perovsky.

New Vauxhall Bridge

In due time the Thames between Westminster and Chelsea Reach will be spanned by the new bridge which will take the place of the old and unlovely Vauxhall Bridge. Will the new bridge be an ornament to the great waterway which it will cross or will it be another London eyesore? That is the question which has been argued for some time now—but, of course, in a perfectly courteous and friendly manner—between the two parties who are interested in the design for the new structure, the London County Council, who provide the design and the money, and the Royal Institute of British Architects, who have undertaken to criticise the bridge from the æsthetic point of view. The main object of a bridge is undoubtedly to enable people to cross a stream, and Sir Alexander Binnie, the engineer, whose design the L.C.C. will adopt, knows as well as any man alive how to build one that shall be safe and strong. His original design for the new Vauxhall Bridge was for an iron bridge with stone piers, and it did not meet with the approval of the R.I.B.A., who are naturally and properly anxious that the bridges and buildings of London should be handsome as well as serviceable. The Institute, therefore, asked the Bridges Committee of the L.C.C. to receive a deputation from their Art Committee. The L.C.C. consented, and the Art Committee expressed their opinion that a bridge entirely of stone would be more satisfactory. That suggestion, however, it was pointed out, was impracticable on account of expense. The Art Committee then asked that the design for the iron bridge should be reconsidered, and the L.C.C. suggested that the Institute should furnish a design giving their idea of a proper bridge. This proposal was not much liked by the Institute, but they agreed to make a design which should embody their notions of what a stone and iron bridge should be. This was done, and a design was made by five members of the Institute, wherein Sir Alexander Binnie's details of engineering, which, of course, the Institute could not and did not presume to dispute, were, so to speak, grafted to stone piers, which the Institute considered were satisfactory. These piers were to be of granite, and a feature of them were the shelters on the top. The design was worked out, with details, and a perspective view of the proposed bridge was sent to the Bridges Committee of the London County Council. It received thanks, but not praise, from the Bridges Committee, and Sir Alexander Binnie still held the field. Since then, however, Sir Alexander, having made a visit to Geneva to examine a bridge there, has produced a new design for a concrete and iron bridge with stone facing, which forms the subject of one of our illustrations. The opposition to the design was renewed, and a letter from Mr. H. H. Statham appeared in the *Times*, in which Sir Alexander Binnie's design was admitted to be structurally admirable and interesting. "But," says Mr. Statham, "like the majority of engineers, he appears to think that a bridge can be made 'architectural' by putting some commonplace architectural detail on it, designed by a hack draughtsman temporarily engaged for this task. The result is what might be expected—a design which is a mere *pastiche* of bad and commonplace detail which can be got out of books, put together without any sense of fitness or proportion; a Brobdingnagian column on the face of the pier carrying nothing but a lamp pillar, which is a kind of prolongation of it, and which is too light an object for the enormous column to carry, and yet far too large for the lamp brackets which are its excuse. There are other absurdities which I need not go into; but the bridge, if erected on this design, will be a laughing-stock to artists of all classes, English and foreign."

Later, Mr. Statham again expressed his views in an evening paper, and in an interesting article explained the general principle involved, namely, that engineering and architecture were two distinct things; or, rather, architecture might be said to be engineering *plus* something else. Engineering dealt purely and entirely with structure; architecture is structure with artistic expression in addition.

The London County Council, there is reason to believe, are not impressed with the beauty of the design suggested by the Royal Institute of British Architects, and we believe it is also a fact that one member at least of the Institute has expressed his approval of the general design of Sir Alexander, while at the same time desiring modifications in it. And so the matter stands. In order that the public may form some judgment for themselves, we publish this week views of both the designs.



Fiesole, the ancient Fesula, lies to the north of Florence, of which it is the mother city. On the highest point of the hill stands the Franciscan Monastery. The rules of the Order are strict, and the luxury of a fire in winter time is unknown at Fiesole. There is, however, an old custom which allows the monks after dinner to go into a hall with a big open chimney, and there on the ground to light a long bundle of faggots. The monks stand around and enjoy this, their only warming in the day, and even then only one bundle of faggots is allowed. The scene is very picturesque, and the monks' faces with the warm glow on them afford an interesting study.

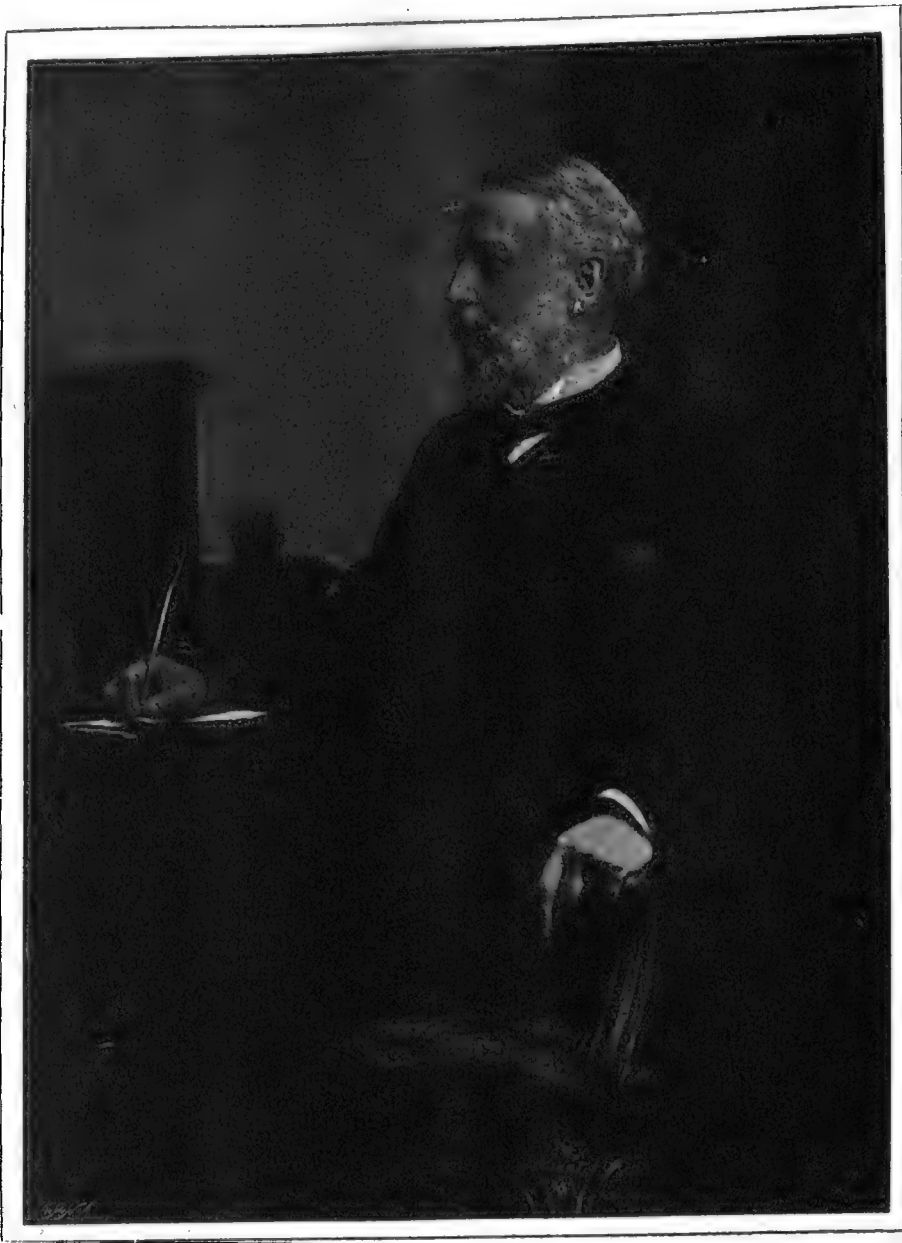
AN OLD WINTER CUSTOM AT THE FRANCISCAN MONASTERY AT FIESOLE

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.

The Hunterian Oration

THE Hunterian Oration, which is delivered alternate years at the College of Surgeons, is one of the medical institutions of this country. Founded in the early days of the century, "in honour of surgery and in memory of men by whose labours it has been advanced," and more especially in memory of John Hunter, it was delivered for the first time by Sir Everard Home in 1814. Home was John Hunter's brother-in-law, and is now chiefly remembered by that fact. Several volumes of Hunter's manuscript notes came into Home's possession on his death, and are believed to have been destroyed by him after he had used them as a quarry for the building of a scientific temple to his own glory. Since then the Oration has always been delivered by one of the foremost surgeons of the day. On Tuesday last Sir William MacCormac, the orator of the present year, had the exceptional honour of having the Prince of Wales—himself an Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians—among his audience. Sir William is no unworthy successor of the Lawrences, Brodies,ergussons, Pagets, and other leaders in surgical Israel who delivered the Oration in previous years. Born in Belfast some sixty-three years ago, he made his mark in the surgical world in the war of 1870, in which he did some brilliant work as Chief of the Anglo-American Ambulance. He had further experience of military surgery in the Turco-Servian War of 1876. As surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital Sir William made for himself a high reputation as an operator. He was Honorary Secretary-General of the International Medical Congress which was held in London in 1881, on which occasion his fine presence made a deep impression on the foreign visitors. He has contributed something to the literature of his profession, but it may be said of him as an author that he is luminous rather than voluminous. Sir William MacCormac, by the choice of his professional peers, occupies the position of President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England in a manner worthy of the best traditions of that dignified office. The esteem which he has won in exalted quarters is shown not only by the fact that he is Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, but by the manner in which the Queen has delighted to honour him.

As regards the Oration itself the fact that it was the fifty-ninth delivered on the same subject



SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS WHO DELIVERED THE HUNTERIAN ORATION ON TUESDAY

From a Photograph by Lafayette, New Bond Street

precludes the idea of any startling novelty. It would not, indeed, be easy to be original in a Hunterian Oration, for vast as was the genius of John Hunter, all that there is to be said about him and his work has been said with almost wearisome iteration. It is a high tribute to Sir William MacCormac's literary inventiveness that he contrived to go over ground so familiar without actually treading in the footsteps of his predecessors. Hunter's greatness can hardly be better expressed than in the words of the famous German surgeon Theodor von Billroth, who wrote: "From Hunter's time to the present day English surgery has had about it something noble; and nowhere, in either ancient or modern times, can the pattern be found of a greater scientific career." He was, as the inscription in Westminster Abbey says, the "founder of scientific surgery;" he was also, as Sir William MacCormac well said, "a profound philosopher, a great naturalist (using the term in its widest sense), a prominent collector, and the foremost surgeon of his time." The wonder at what he did is increased by the thought of what he was. He was an idle boy who got no regular education, and did not profit by that which came in his way. But though he played truant from the parish school, he was diligent in that of Nature. "I wanted to know," he tells us, "all about the clouds and the grasses, and why the leaves change colour in the autumn. I watched the ants, bees, birds, tadpoles, and caddis-worms; I pestered people with questions about what nobody knew or cared anything about." He came to London while still a lad, and his brother William, the celebrated anatomist, set him to dissect, and thus revealed to him his vocation. He dissected, observed, experimented and collected all manner of beasts and specimens of disease and monstrosity, and so formed the nucleus of the magnificent museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which is one of the wonders of the scientific world. His chief pleasure was in research, and it is on record that once, when he was called from his dissecting room to a patient, he said, "I suppose I must go and earn this d—d guinea, or I shall be sure to want it to-morrow." He always did want it, for he spent all he got in adding to his collection. It is said that he paid 500*l.* for the skeleton of O'Brien, the Irish giant, which now stands in the Museum of the College of Surgeons.

His features in their most characteristic expression still live in Sir Joshua Reynolds's well-known picture, painted in 1785, when Hunter was fifty-seven years of age.



"Hunter rendered to his art and science greater service than any man had done before him, and his claim to our admiration rests not merely on what he did, but on what he suggested might be done. One cannot but feel amazed at the multitude of subjects which engaged his interest and attention, the greatness of his achievements, or the far-reaching influence of so many of his inquiries. His spirit survives in the energy

of others who follow in his footsteps, and serves to stimulate every student of biological science. His supreme endeavour was to study life in all its many-sided manifestations. This is the noblest form of study, and the most inexhaustible, yet the problem of life will remain a mystery transcending the power of human investigation or human imagination."

SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC DELIVERING THE HUNTERIAN ORATION BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

By the advent of spring were uncertain from the inclemency of weather, all doubts would be set at rest by the awakening of London from its winter sleep. The country has been gay with the Melton ball, the Harborough ball, all the various hunt that celebrate England's love of sport have had their merry Society now flocks to the metropolis. Ministerial dinners, though heavy and ponderous, are sacred to ancient usage, so are social parties like the crowded one recently given by the Duchess of Devonshire; but a new note was last week struck by the Khartoum which took place at the Hotel Cecil. Hitherto subscription have not appealed to the fashionable section of society, but on this occasion all prejudices were set aside and the idea taken up enthusiastically and carried through triumphantly. The practice of giving dinners first and thus ensuring a goodly company was carried to an extreme. Lord Chesterfield's dinner party of seventy was imitated by others on a smaller scale, until the very resources of the immense hotel were exhausted and help had to be summoned from Savoy and other restaurants. Lady Carrington preferred to give a dinner at home for the debut of her second daughter, while Duchesses and their daughters mustered freely, Peeresses of all ranks obeyed the summons, while the smart dancing men and the diplomats followed.

It is to be hoped that the example may be again imitated in the case of various needy charities. Now that the world of London is so immense, there can be no reason why a revival of Almack's should not succeed under the patronage of leading members of the London world. It would be pleasanter for the young girls, and might conduce to the weeding out of many objectionable people who are now able to thrust themselves into society on the strength of their riches. No one hostess can hope to effect any reformation, but the opinion of several important ones must carry weight. Manners might be reformed, and a general standard of polite behaviour enforced. A *salon* is a thing of the past, and could probably never again come into being, but an inner circle, a class within a class, of really high-bred distinguished women, who would prove a potent power for good, might have a favourable chance.

A Frenchman who has been studying the effect of the divorce laws in France, says that men divorce their wives in order to contract another marriage, but that women, as a rule, apply to the law only in self-defence, either to protect their happiness or their income. The poor woman flies to divorce because she is beaten, the rich one because she is cruelly treated and neglected. As a rule the children are considered in neither case. The women seldom marry again, often returning to their former husbands. He argues from this that women are really more constant than men, and rarely forget their first love, while change and variety amply satisfies the man. Of course the impossibility of a woman marrying the lover for whom she is divorced by her husband in France, complicates matters in a way that is unknown here, where love, or at least passion, is usually the groundwork of divorce. Another interesting observation made by the French writer is to the effect that though divorced and remarried women seem apparently able to forget the past and to ignore the former husband who has ill-treated them, the man of the lower classes remains jealous of the woman he once loved, and this jealousy frequently leads to attempts to murder. He kills the woman he loves as lover, husband, and even as a divorced man.

A very pretty novelty was introduced at the picturesque wedding of the Hon. Rosamond Guest to Mr. Matthew White Ridley. Instead of orange flowers on her dress the bride wore white roses, while the young bridesmaids, dressed in white, bore white rose bouquets. The elder ladies wore pink chiffon over pink silk, and carried bouquets of pink tulips and lilies of the valley. The rose is a far more lovely flower than the orange flower, and has not such an overpowering fragrance, a fragrance which to many people is almost intolerable. A rose wedding none could object to. The bridal dress garnished with white roses, the bridesmaids' with pink and white, the elder ladies' with crimson, yellow, and all the various lovely shades of the flower now grown, and the altar decorations of roses, would prove a beautiful and harmonious display of colour, which might be carried out in the drawing-rooms and refreshment rooms of the mansion where the after reception is held. Our weddings are too conventional, even the very hymns sung are always the same.

Epitaphs on women have always a racy flavour about them. They are latent with the accumulated sarcasm of man, envious and despairing because woman has always conquered him. The following is pithy in its brevity:—

Here lies my wife, what better could she do
For her repose, and for her husband's too?

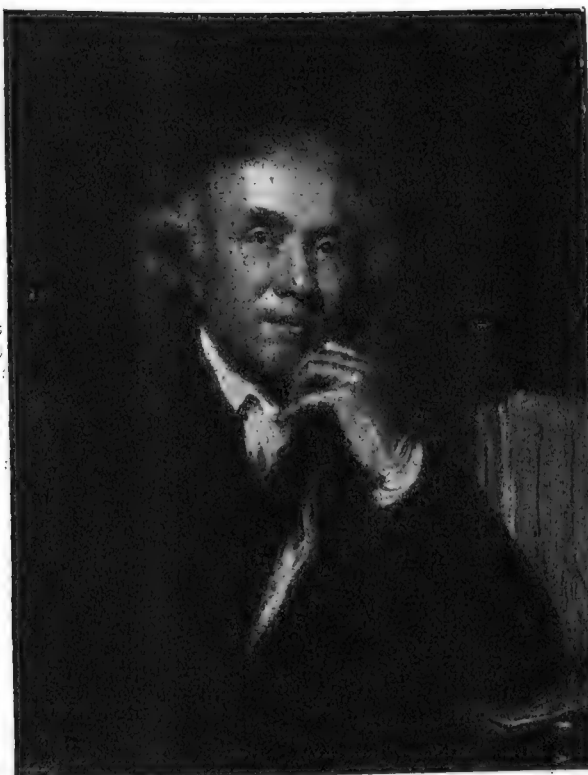
So is this one:—

Some have children, some have none.
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

But for oddity we may prefer
this one from the United States:—

Here lies interred Priscilla Bird,
Who sang on earth till sixty-two.
Now up on high, above the sky,
No doubt she sings, like sixty, too.

Or this one, erected to her husband
by a widow in Colorado, who
simply placed upon the stone
the three letters S. Y. L., meaning
"See you later," a common
American expression.



Sir William MacCormac, referring at the opening of the Hunterian Oration to this portrait of John Hunter, said:—"The picture was painted by Reynolds when Hunter was fifty-seven years old, and as we look at it we perceive him in deep reverie, in one of those waking dreams to which he refers in his lectures. He had paused from writing in order to think out some problem, and, as he often said, it was a delight to him to think. As we dwell upon the features we cannot doubt that a sudden inspiration has flashed upon and gradually pervaded his mind, some great truth scientific or generalisation which he has grasped and is pondering with intense satisfaction."

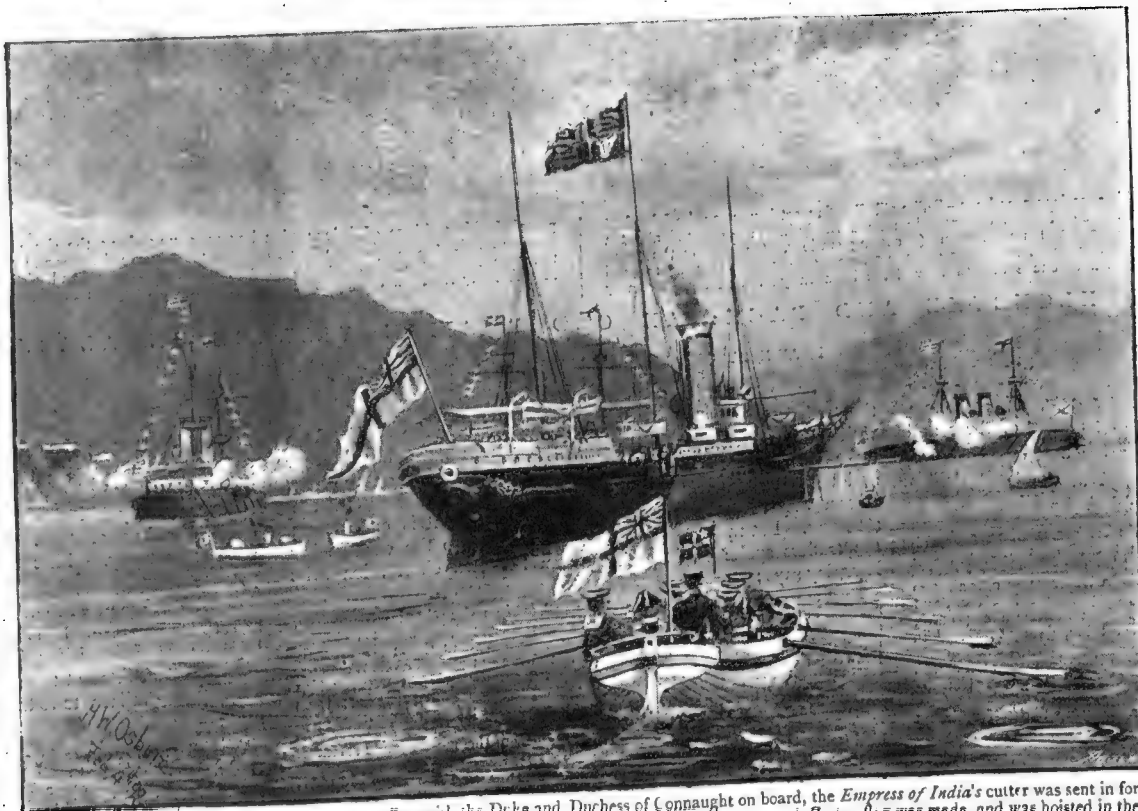
JOHN HUNTER, THE GREAT SURGEON AND BIOLOGIST
From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the Royal College of Surgeons

New Postage Stamps

FOUR new stamps have just been issued by the Malta Post Office. The first is of the value of ten shillings, and represents the shipwreck of St. Paul in the Bay of S. Paolo, on the north-west coast of the island. The colour is a dark blue. The second, of the value of two-and-sixpence, represents Malta as a female figure standing between two flags or banners, each with a cross, that on the left



being the eight-pointed Malta cross. The colour is an olive grey. The third, of the value of fivepence, for letters requiring double postage, represents a two-masted sailing galley of the time of the Knights, with two lateen sails set, propelled by oars on a calm sea. The colour is brick red. The last, of the value of fourpence-halfpenny, brownish sepia in colour, also represents a boat with two lateen sails set wing and wing. The sea is slightly agitated, and the background is a stormy sky. This stamp is for registered letters.



On the arrival of H.M.S. *Surprise* in Suda Bay with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on board, the *Empress of India's* cutter was sent in for the High Commissioner, who had intimated his intention of paying an official visit to the *Surprise*. A Cretan flag was made, and was hoisted in the bows of the boat. The ships of the International fleet dressed ship and fired a Royal salute. After Prince George had landed again, the Duke and Duchess went ashore and drove to Canea, where they returned the Prince's visit.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S VISIT TO THE EAST: RECEIVING A VISIT FROM PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE IN SUDA BAY

Musical Notes

"THE COQUETTE" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'

THE new comic opera, *The Coquette*, by Messrs. Dam and Clérice, which was produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on Saturday night, would have been a far better piece if its first and last acts had before the first performance been subjected to the revision and the strengthening which are so obviously necessary. The opera itself is at its weakest from a musical point of view, for M. Clérice, the composer, as in his previous work, *The Royal Star*, shows little individuality or character, and although some of the numbers are melodious enough, the choruses are uninteresting, the orchestration bald, and the entire music lacks colour and variety. Two of the songs given to the *Coquette* herself, a part played by Miss Aileen D'Orme, are brightly written; while the love duet in the final tableau of the second act between Miss Gastelle and Mr. Courtice Pounds, although the situation may, to a certain extent, recall that between Ange Pitou and Mlle. Lange in *La Fille de Madame Angot*, proved so much to the taste of the audience that it might have been repeated. In this act, too, there is an all-too-short, though dainty, chorus of ladies of the Court, who come to surprise the young couple "connubiating"—to adopt a word coined by one of the characters. On the other hand the *ensembles* are for the most part feeble, and the first act particularly would repay an almost complete overhauling. Happily, in this species of after-dinner entertainment extra numbers can always be introduced, and in the present instance there would certainly seem to be ample excuse for calling in the assistance of other composers. The book of *The Coquette* is strongest in the second act, which, by the way, may slightly remind old opera-goers of the analogous scene in the mill in *Les Manteaux Noirs*, a piece which in its turn was derived from Scribe's libretto to Adolphe Adam's *Giralda*, an opera revived at the Lyceum by the late Carl Rosa some twenty-three years ago. The whole brunt of the acting falls upon Mr. Willie Edouin and Mr. John Le Hay, who in a mad scene acts perhaps more powerfully than any player in comic opera since the late Shiel Barry's impersonation of Gaspard the Miser. Indeed, but for these two admirable comedians and their excellent and laughter-provoking acting the verdict might have been less favourable.

SOME CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Dr. Joachim made his first appearance this year at the Popular Concert on Monday, playing, however, only familiar music. He apparently does not intend at the opening of the season to try a regular solo, and on Monday he preferred to play with Mr. Leonard Borwick, Brahms' Duet Sonata in A, Op. 100. Of this a remarkably fine performance was given, particularly after the great violinist had overcome a certain amount of nervousness at the opening of the first movement. Dr. Joachim likewise led Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet in A minor, and a Quartet by Haydn in the same key. On Saturday Herr Von Dohnányi was the principal attraction at the "Pops," and he gave an intelligent and otherwise interesting reading of Schumann's first Sonata in F sharp minor. On Monday also he started his Pianoforte Recitals, though with only a familiar programme. Madame Albani made her final appearance in London at a special concert given at Queen's Hall on Friday.

The Franciscan Monks at Fiesole After Dinner

By PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.

AT Fiesole, one of the loveliest environments of Florence, there rises a steep road to the south-west which leads to the Franciscan Monastery. It is here that the scene I have drawn takes place. From time immemorial these monks have retired in winter after dinner and supper to this kitchen-like room to enjoy the only warmth permitted to them, that is, the warmth of the burning of one bundle of wood. As it is small brushwood, it blazes up quickly, but dies out almost as fast. Hence the eagerness of the monks to get all the warmth they can while the fire lasts. The wood is placed on the floor and in front of the great chimney. The monks are indifferent to the smoke so long as they get the cherished warmth before they retire to their cold cells for meditation.

From this beautifully situated monastery one gets a superb panoramic view of the valleys of the Arno and Mugnone, a view not easily forgotten when seen at sundown. Few visitors visit the monastery; I suspect the cause of this lies in the prohibition of women to cross the threshold. There is little sign as yet of monastic life in Italy dying out. Here, for instance, I saw at least a dozen strapping, clear-eyed, healthy young monks, called "scholars," who are to fill the gaps in the ranks. The history of the monastery is of little interest. It is supposed to stand on the site of the Acropolis of ancient Fiesole. Its known history commences when it was a fortress, which was destroyed in 1125, having been the seat of many a doubtful character. Then some pious order of women housed themselves in the ruins, who were called the Recluses of St. Mary of the Flower. They do not seem to have been comfortable, so they finally gave way to the Franciscan Monks about 1407. St. Bernardino of Siena and other notables have lived there. The few frescoes still on the walls are artistically worthless.

"West African Studies" *

MISS KINGSLEY'S new volume will be hailed with delight by those lucky individuals who have read her first work. It is one of the brightest and most readable books of travel that it has been our fortune to meet with, and is as full of anecdote and general information about the West Coast of Africa and its inhabitants as an egg is full of meat; and, as it is written by one who is neither a trader, a Government official, nor a Missionary, it may be safely surmised that it is written without the slightest prejudice.

In the second part of her book, the authoress brings a strong indictment against the Crown Colony system of government as administered in West Africa, and backs up her case by exceedingly powerful arguments, and some very convincing statistics. She also tells us, not only where the present system fails, but what ought to be done, in her opinion, to make the colony self-supporting and prosperous in the future.

Miss Kingsley gives a most amusing account of her voyage out, and of her fellow-passengers. These latter were composed of

sufficiently disagreeable to make a newcomer feel as if he wished he had stayed at home. The writer continues:—

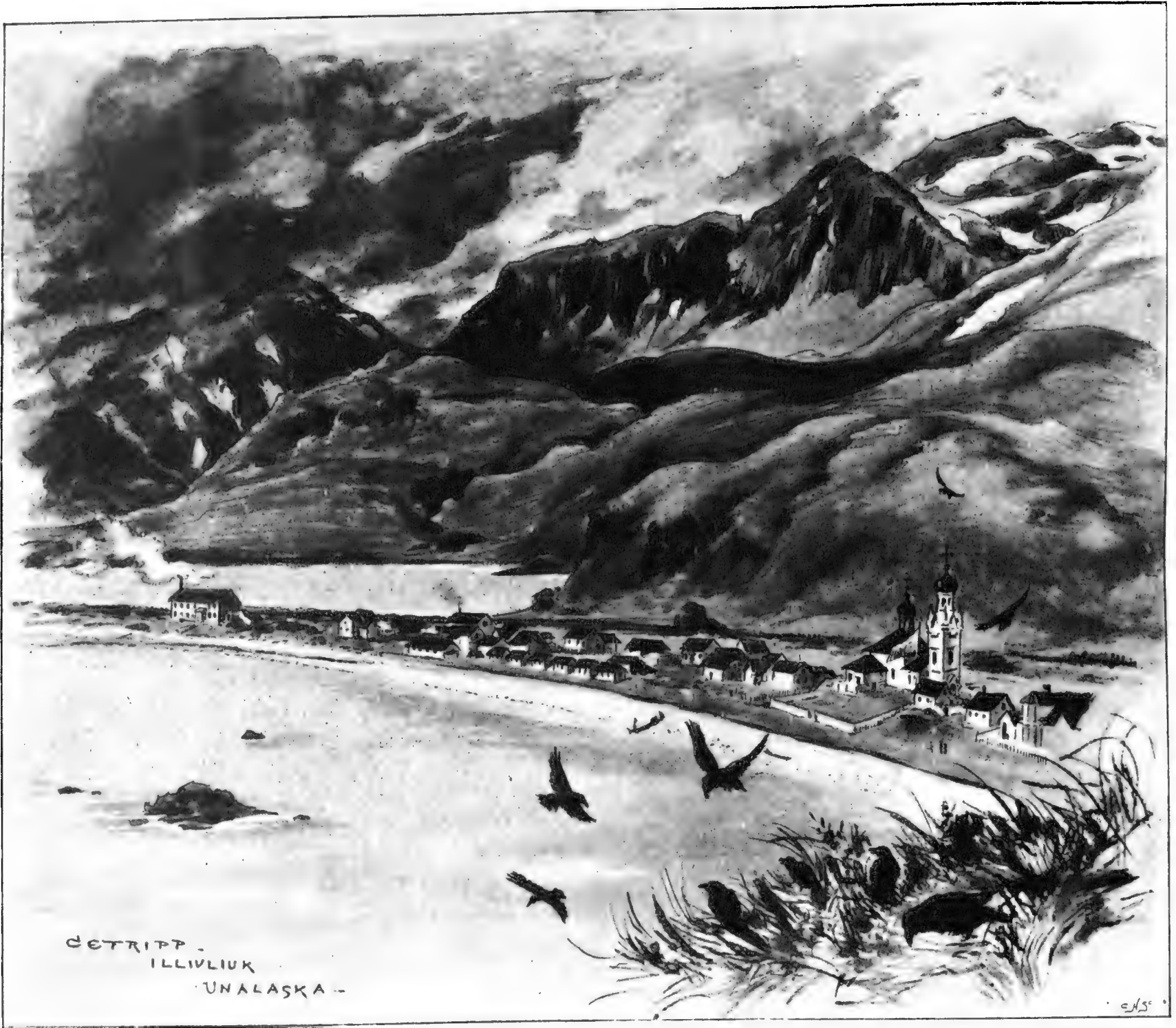
This instruction of the young in the charms of Coast life is the faithfully discharged mission of the old Coasters on steamboats, especially as aforesaid, at meal times. Desperate victims sometimes determine to keep the conversation off meal times. It is in the air you breathe, mentally and physically; one fever, but to no avail. It is in the air you breathe, mentally and physically; one will mention a lively and amusing work, some one cuts in and observes "Poor D was found dead in bed at C, with that book alongside him." With all subjects it is the same. Keep clear of it in conversation, for even half an hour, you cannot. Far better is it for the young Coaster not to try, but just to collect all the anecdotes and information you can referring to it, then to lie low for a new Coaster of your own to tell them to, and when your turn comes, as come it will if you haunt the West Coast long enough, to peg out and be poor so and so yourself.

Miss Kingsley says that although it may seem a reckless thing to say, she believes that the great percentage of steamboat talk is true, only you must remember that it is not stuff that you can in any way use or rely on unless you know yourself the district from which the information comes. Now Miss Kingsley has a good deal to tell us about the different insects that she has come across in her travels, and most interesting is the description she gives of them, but when it comes to the cockroaches she has heard of from

That the writer is a keen observer of human nature, any one who has been to sea and has had the opportunity of seeing sailors on their native element will at once recognise from the following sketch. She says:—

There are, however, two habits which are constant to all the species through each stage of transformation from roustabout to captain. One is a love of painting. I have never known an officer or captain who could pass a paint-pot, with the brush sticking temptingly out, without emotion. While, as for Jack, with the happiest hours he knows seemingly are those he spends sitting on a slung plank over the side of his ocean home, with his bare feet dangling a few feet above the water as tempting bait for sharks, and the tropical sun blazing down on him and reflected back at him from the iron ship's side and the oily ocean beneath. Then he carols forth his amorous lay, and shouts, "Bill, pass that paint-pot," in his jolliest tones. It is very rarely that a black seaman is treated to a paint-pot; all they are allowed to do is to knock off the old stuff, which they do in the nerveless way the African does most handicraft.

One of the many pests of the West Coast is the Driver ant. Miss Kingsley says that while in West Africa you should always keep an eye lifting for Drivers. You can start doing it as soon as you land, which will postpone the catastrophe, not avoid it. After a time an automatic habit will be induced that will cause you never to let more than one eye roam spell-bound over the beauties of the



Our Special Artist, in describing his experiences, writes:—"The old Russian settlement on the Island of Unalaska is generally known as Unalaska, but, I believe, is properly named Illiuliuk. It is situated about a mile, or a little more, beyond the slopes behind Dutch Harbour (a coaling station). On landing the green slopes are discovered to be gay with wild flowers intermingling with the coarse grass, and it is pleasant to stroll away up the pathless knolls and slopes until one obtains a view of the beautifully situated but extremely

prosaic-looking village of little wooden houses strung along the shore. It possesses a modest little white wooden building of the Russian Church, with cupola-crowned tower and turret, which is certainly far prettier than the ordinary wooden church seen in the West of America, and without which the village would exactly resemble any of the numerous insignificant settlements along the Pacific coast."

TO KLONDYKE AND BACK: AN OLD RUSSIAN VILLAGE IN ALASKA

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

Government officials, coasters and trading agents, all of whom seemed to take the greatest delight in telling stories of fever and funerals, for the benefit of young fellows going out for the first time.

This, says the writer, used to be the sort of thing:—

One of the agents would look at the Captain during a meal time, and say, "You remember J., Captain?" "Knew him well," says the Captain. "Why I brought him out his last time, poor chap!" Then follows full details of the pegging-out of J.; and his funeral, etc. Then a Government official, who had been out before, would kindly turn to a colleague out for the first time, and say: "Brought any dress clothes with you?" The unfortunate newcomer, scenting an allusion to a more cheerful phase of coast life, gladly answered in the affirmative.

"That's right," says the interlocutor; "you want them to wear at funerals. Do you know," he remarks, turning to another old Coaster, "my dress trousers did not get mouldy once last wet season."

"Get along," says his friend, "you can't hang a thing up twenty-four hours without its being fit to graze a cow on!"

After a time the conversation will turn to the different diseases it is possible to catch, and then to parasites, or, in fact, anything

the traders we think it would be difficult to locate the district from which the information came. We ourselves have heard from travellers of mosquitoes that are so big that they sit on the trees and bark, but in this case you are usually told later on that the reason why these insects sit on the bark is that it is easier than standing. But these were as nothing compared to the cockroaches the traders spoke of. Speaking from her own observation Miss Kingsley says:—

They are very companionable, seeking rather than shunning human society, nestling in the bunk with you if the weather is the least chilly, and, I fancy, not averse to light; it is true they come out most at night, but then they distinctly like a bright light; and you can watch them in a tight-packed circle round the lamp with their heads towards it, twirling their antennae at it with evident satisfaction; in fact, it's the lively nights these cockroaches have that keep them in bed all day. They are sometimes of great magnitude; I have been assured by observers of them in factories ashore and on moored hulks that they stand on their hind legs and drink out of a quart jug, but the most common steamer kind is smaller, as far as my observations go.

Perhaps it is as well that the species that "stand on their hind legs and drink out of quart jugs" should confine themselves to the shore, for one or two on board ship would play sad havoc with the commissariat.

African landscape; the other will keep fixed turned to the soil at your feet. These ants have their good points: for instance, they will clear a house of all vermin, killing and eating all they can get hold of. They will also make short work of all meat, but do not destroy furniture or stuffs. When they start on a job they do their work thoroughly. Miss Kingsley tells us she was once at a place—

Where there had been a white gentleman and a birthday party in the evening; he stumbled on his way home and went to sleep by the path side, and in the morning there was only a white gentleman's skeleton and clothes.

In a gallant attempt to save life the authoress herself might have met with a similar fate to the unfortunate "white gentleman." She says:—

I mixed myself up once in a delightful knockabout farce near Kabinda, and possibly made the biggest fool of myself I ever did. I was in a little village, and out of a hut came the owner and his family and all the household parasites pell-mell, leaving the Drivers in possession; but the mother and father of the family, when they recovered from this unwonted burst of activity, showed such a lively concern, and such unmistakable signs of anguish at having left something behind them in the hut, that I thought it must be the baby. Although not a family man myself, the idea of that innocent infant perishing in such an appalling manner

* "West African Studies." By Mary H. Kingsley. (Macmillan and Co.)

...dressed me to action, and I joined the frenzied group, crying, "Where him live?" "In far corner for floor," shrieked the distracted parents, and into that hut they rushed. Too true! There in the corner lay the poor little thing, a mere ineffectual mass, with hundreds of cruel Drivers already swarming upon it. To seize the child and give it to the distracted mother was, as the reporter would say, "the work of an instant." She gave a cry of joy and dropped it instantly into a water-bucket, where her husband held it down with a hoe, chuckling contentedly. "Not my friend, at the callousness of the Ethiopian; that there thing is an infant—it was a ham."

In an excellent chapter on African characteristics we are told that what will first strike a new arrival on the coast is the great woe. "Woe! to the man in Africa," says the writer, "who cannot stand perpetual uproar." Frogs, crickets, birds, all help to fill the sound, but man takes the first place in the orchestra, and he deserves it. When he is not shouting at his friends he is ranting to himself or his relations "who have gone before," tales which he is an enthusiastic musician, and plays instruments which "require of him to breathe in at one breath a whole S.W. of wind and then to empty it into the horn, which responds with a preliminary "root-too-foot" before it goes off into its noble bellow."

Miss Kingsley says:—

I fancy the main body of the lower classes of Africa think externally instead internally. . . . Some of this talking is, I fancy, an equivalent to our writing. I know many English people who, if they want to gather a clear notion of an affair write it down; the African, not having writing, first talks it out. And again, more of it is conversation with spirit guardians and familiar spirits, and also with those of their dead relatives and friends, and I have often seen a man, sitting at a bush fire or a village palaver house, turn round and say: "You remember that, mother?" to the ghost that to him was there.

government of West Africa on the Crown Colony system as it deserves, so it must suffice to say that Miss Kingsley has studied the question from every aspect, and she places the whole subject before her readers in such a straightforward and explicit style that the veriest tyro can see how the question stands. It resolves itself into this: granting that we are in West Africa for the sake of commerce, do we get as much out of the colony under the present system of government as we should do if the management was placed in the hands of those directly interested in the trade of the country, namely, in a council, the members of which should be nominated by the Chambers of Commerce of Liverpool, Manchester, London, Bristol, and Glasgow? Miss Kingsley thinks there can be no question on the matter, and we must leave it to our readers to form their own judgment on the subject, only saying that never before have they had the question so plainly put before them.

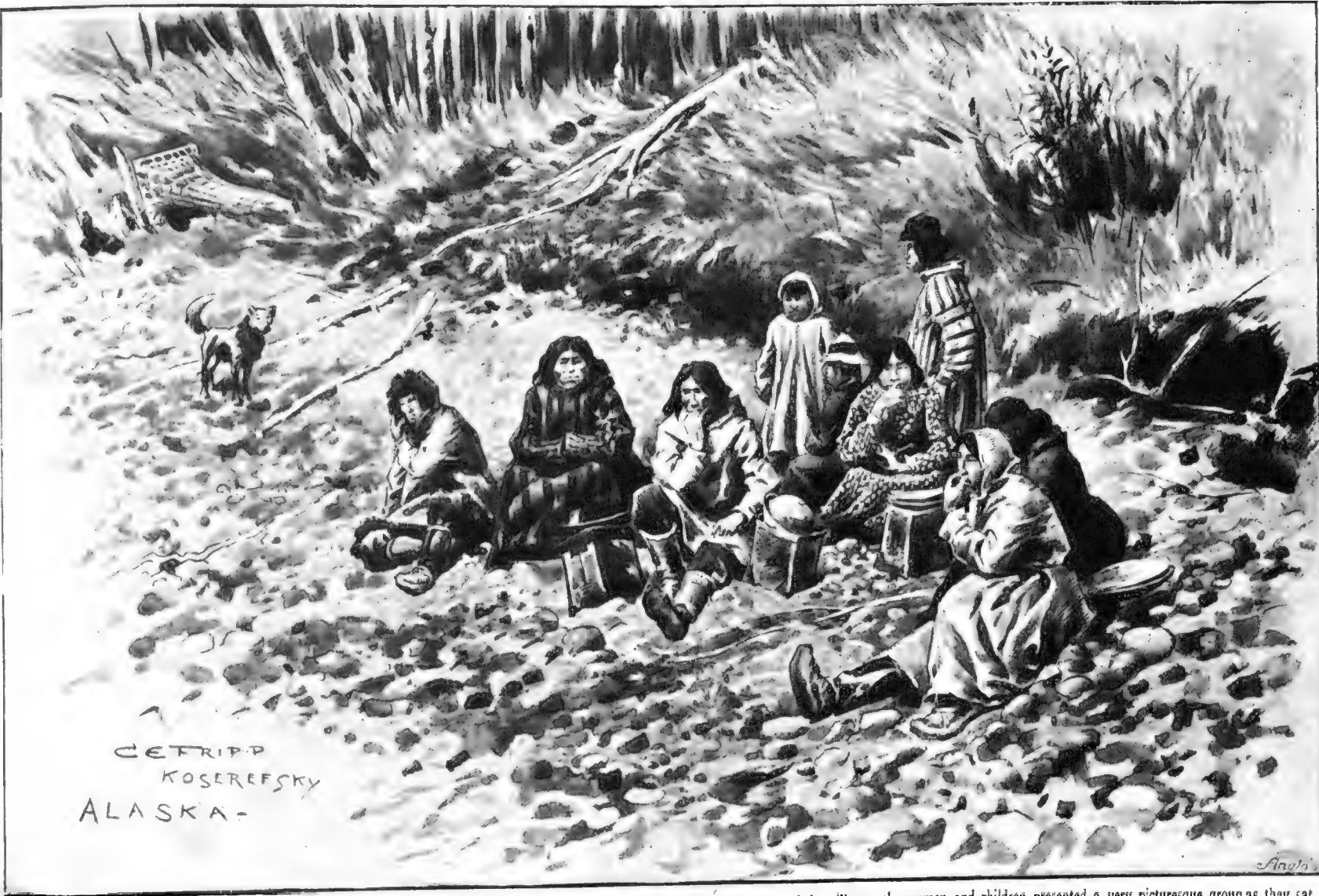
Miss Kingsley has a happy knack of introducing an amusing story to clinch her arguments. *Apropos* of the English turning over a new leaf and doing what they ought to have done years ago, she says:—

"Well, well, well," you will say, "we have woke up at last, we can be trusted now." I own I do not see why you should expect to be suddenly trusted by the men whose interest you have played so long. I remember hearing about a missionary gentleman who was told a long story by the father of a bad son, who for years went gallivanting about West Africa, bringing the family into disrepute, and running up debts in all directions, and finally returned to the paternal roof. "Dear me, how interesting!" said the missionary, "Quite the Parable of the Prodigal Son! I trust, my friend, you remembered it, and killed the fatted calf on his return?" "No, Sir," said the parent, "but I dam near kill that ar prodigal son!"

conduct was irreproachable, it is perilous to think of how so trying a situation might have ended had it not been for the opportune murder of the husband by the jealous lover of a rustic coquette. Suspicion of the crime falls on the Abbé, who is prevented by the seal of confession from accusing the real criminal. That, however, comes out all right; and the Abbé, having convinced himself that a church with a celibate clergy is no church for him, marries the Countess, and wins success as a popular preacher in a more congenial communion. One is made to see how he was, in fact, cut out for an effective preacher of the emotional order. For the rest he is but a poor creature, with his self-pity, his cravings for sympathy, and the abject servility of his convictions to his desires. Blanche, however, supplies not only a fine character, but a fine piece of portraiture, powerful, harmonious, and finished through and through. The sequence of the phases through which she passes are wonderfully true, especially during the period when she is vainly trying to reclaim her husband in order that he may save her from herself. The story is almost morbidly minute; but for her sake it is well worth reading.

"GOD'S FOUNDLING"

Mr. A. J. Dawson's "God's Foundling" (William Heinemann) is the story of how a father, while for respectability's sake concealing his relationship, attempts to play the part of Providence to his illegitimate son. The result, in the absence of any recognised filial duty, promises to be disastrous. The young man is parted, at a critical time in his life, from the one woman who would have saved



On the journey down the Yukon from Dawson City to the coast, the steamers have constantly to stop to take in wood as fuel. This wood is cut, gathered together, and piled ready for use by the natives. At Koserefsky, one of the villages, the women and children presented a very picturesque group as they sat together waiting for payment in kind for the wood they had stacked

TO KLONDYKE AND BACK: NATIVES WAITING FOR PAYMENT FOR WOOD USED ON THE YUKON STEAMERS
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRUPP, R.W.S.

New Novels

"THE DEAR IRISH GIRL"

I remember mentioning this very touching habit of theirs, as it seemed to me, in order to console a sick and irritable friend whose cabi was close to a gang-way then in possession of a very lively lot of Sierre Leone Kruhoys, an I he said, "Oh, I dare say they do, Miss Kingsley; but I'll be hanged if Hell is such a damned way off West Africa that they need shout so loud."

Miss Kingsley has gone deeply into the question of "Fetich," or the religions of the Natives of the West Coast, and tells us much that is both new and curious about it. We have been so used to look upon "Fetich" as being connected with terrible bloodshed, and the slaughter of innumerable, innocent victims that it is difficult for us to realise that there can be anything good in it; but Miss Kingsley shows us that "Fetich," or should we say the religion of "Fetich," is not as black as it has been painted by any means, and we should fancy from her writings that the bloodshed has been very much exaggerated. The volume contains so much that is interesting of the customs, the habits, and the diseases of the country that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of what it contains. A chapter that will interest a great number of readers is that containing an account of the diseases called respectively the "Malignant Melancholy" and the "Sleeping Sickness." Regarding the first-named, the writer says:—

I am still collecting information, for I cannot tell whether the malignant melancholy of the lower Congo is one and the same with the hystero-hypochondria, the home sickness of the true negro. In the lower Congo I was informed that this malignant melancholy had the native name signifying throwing backwards, from its being the habit of the afflicted to throw themselves backward into water when they attempted a drowning form of suicide.

ANYBODY who wishes to make the acquaintance of a very charming girl indeed, will do well to obtain the speediest possible introduction to Biddy O'Connor, "The Dear Irish Girl" of Katharine Tynan's novel (Smith, Elder, and Co.). She has not much of a story—she brings herself up in a manner as successful as it is unconventional, falls in love, loses her father and her means, finds cause for thinking that her lover has forgotten her, meets with kind friends, and narrowly escapes an engagement to a worthy millionaire in time to find that her lover, instead of being faithless, had been searching for her in vain. But it is what she is rather than what she does that inspires interest, and makes one understand how more than one heart felt sore when she became transformed from Biddy O'Connor, formerly of Merriem Square, into Biddy O'Hara of Connemara. Katharine Tynan knows thoroughly well how to depict a girl who is at once really charming and charmingly real.

"ONLY FLESH AND BLOOD"

The representative of "Only Flesh and Blood" in the novel of that name by the author of "Hernani the Jew" (Hutchinson and Co.), is Leo Bernard, a good young Abbé, who, never having set eyes on a woman (except an unattractive mother) before he enters on his parochial duties, promptly proceeds to fall desperately in love with Countess Blanche, the unhappily married wife of the *seigneur du village*. She as promptly returns his passion, and though their

him from going generally to the bad, and seems likely to sow wilder oats than had ever been sown by his father—not to speak of the risk of highly objectionable family complications. In short, the excellent intentions of amateur Providence seem fated to achieve their normal failure but for the father's death on realising the futility of his scheme, and for the effect on the son's character of the shock of discovery. The story ends a great deal better than well—all turns to the best as there is nobody with good intentions to interfere. The novel is something more than merely readable—it has backbone, and the characters, especially that of the father, are firmly drawn.

"THE DAY OF TEMPTATION"

If anybody wants to know what Mr. William Le Queux's "The Day of Temptation" (F. V. White and Co.) is about before reading it, we distinctly decline to gratify any such misplaced curiosity. For the essence of the book is its complication of apparently insoluble enigmas, and in sending the reader almost crazy with trying to get at the bottom of the least of them. And of so always delightful a sensation as that, far be it from us to rob anybody. We will only say that the plot is exceptionally bold as well as complex, and that Mr. Le Queux does not hesitate to employ the highest and deepest movements of international diplomacy as a portion of his machinery. To say that his novel belongs to literature would be as absurd as to say that his characters are real men and women. But who honestly wants literature, or even reality, so long as he is entertained, and his curiosity kept at full strain? "What nonsense!" many will exclaim when the pleasure is over. But if the nonsense has given pleasure—what then?

We cannot afford the space to go into the question of the



A GENTLEMAN OF THE EARL OF OXFORD'S REGIMENT OF ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, 1662

The Royal Horse Guards

By LIEUT.-COLONEL PERCY GROVES. Illustrated by HARRY PAYNE

THE Royal Horse Guards, popularly known as "The Blues"—the sole remaining regiment in the British Army designated as Horse—owe their existence to an insurrection which broke out shortly after the restoration of Charles II. On regaining his throne, Charles declined to entirely disband the army of the late Commonwealth, and, reorganising several of its regiments, he officered them with well-known Royalists. Amongst the corps retained was "Colonel Unton Crook's Horse," which the King was now "pleased to take for his Own," and style the "Royal Regiment." Colonel Daniel O'Neale, of His Majesty's Bedchamber, being appointed colonel in place of Unton Crook—a staunch Republican.* The reorganised regiments, however, soon became discontented, so—partly on that account, and partly because Parliament regarded the new army with suspicion—Charles ordered a number of the regiments to be disbanded, including the Royal Regiment. The regiment had not yet been paid off when, early in January, 1661, the insurrection of the Millenarians broke out, and, though it was promptly suppressed, it served as a pretext for James, Duke of York, to propose to the Council that they should "desire His Majesty to stop the disbanding of the General's Troop of Horse Guards, and the Regiment of Foot which were to have been paid off that day, and that he would rather think of raising more men for the security of his Person and Government." The Council approving, Colonel O'Neale was sent with an account to the King, who immediately issued a Royal Warrant for the raising of a Regiment of Foot Guards, and also a Regiment of Horse. This Regiment of Horse is now known as "The Royal Horse Guards."

The new regiment was to consist of eight troops, the first being styled "His Majesty's Own Troop." Loyal men were, without much difficulty, selected from the disbanded corps, the establishment was speedily completed, and on February 16, 1661, the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards mustered in Tothill Fields, Westminster, under the command of its Colonel, Aubrey, Earl of Oxford. During its early days, the entire regiment appears to have been rarely assembled together except for the purpose of review, the different troops occupying detached quarters, widely dispersed, but seldom very far from London. "From the *Kingdom's Intelligence*," writes Captain Packe, the historian of the Blues, "we learn that the King's Troop was

stationed at Newbury on April 23, 1661, 'where, it being the day of His Majesty's coronation, the Mayor made a gallant feast for the gentlemen of His Majesty's Troop, under command of that noble Colonel O'Neale.' And this, added to the fact that the regiment, or the greater part of it, was reviewed by His Majesty, with the remainder of his Guards, in Hyde Park, July 4, 1663, is all the trace we possess of its movements till the commencement of the Dutch war in 1665." During the Dutch war, the King's Troop was quartered at York; the other troops in or near London, or in towns in the south and eastern parts of the kingdom. In the spring of 1669 Cosmo III., Duke of Tuscany, visited this country, and a troop of the regiment was detailed to attend him as an escort.

On October 1, 1684, Charles II. reviewed his troops on Putney Heath, and in a list of the troops present on this occasion the following particulars relative to the Royal Horse Guards are given:—"The private men are distinguished by their carbine belts, laced with gold upon buff with a red edging; hooses and holster-caps with the Royal Cypher embroidered upon blew, coated and cloaked blew, lined red. The King's Troop has only a kettle drum, which none of the other troops have, with a standard crimson and the Imperial Crown embroidered."

Charles II. died in February, 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James. The rejoicings consequent upon the new King's coronation were hardly concluded when the nation was alarmed by the invasion of the Duke of Monmouth. In the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion the Blues took a prominent part, and they had some score of men wounded at the battle of Sedgemoor. Two years later, Lord Oxford was deprived of the colonelcy, which was given to the Duke of Berwick—the King's natural son. At the Revolution of 1688, the Blues remained loyal to James II. until he fled the kingdom, when they transferred their allegiance to William of Orange. The Duke of Hamilton was now appointed colonel, but he only had the regiment a few weeks, Lord Oxford being reinstated on the 17th December, 1688.

Upon the declaration of war against France, in May, 1689, the Blues embarked for Flanders, "but," says Packe, "they do not seem to have been engaged in any operations of importance."* On returning from Flanders in April 1690 they went to Ireland, and



OFFICER AND TROOPER OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, 1793

took an active share in the campaigns of 1690-1. They were present at the Boyne and other important engagements, particularly distinguishing themselves at the battle of Aughrim, where they lost four officers and forty-five men killed, and twenty-one men wounded. About this time they became known as "The Oxford Blues," to distinguish them from William's Dutch Horse Guards, who also wore blue uniforms. The regiment returned to England in March, 1691, and remained on home service for nearly half a century.

The year 1742 saw the Royal Horse Guards in the Netherlands with the Earl of Stair's army, and in June, 1743, they fought at Dettingen, losing eight men and twenty-two horses killed; one officer and fourteen horses wounded. At Fontenoy (April, 1745) their losses were much more severe, for they had ten men and seventy-nine horses killed, and three officers, two quartermasters, thirty-nine men and sixty-two horses wounded. Passing on to 1757 we find them again employed on active service with the allied army under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and they remained abroad until the termination of the "Seven Years' War" in 1763. Minden and Warbourg were the principal battles in which the regiment took part during the war.

In February, 1793, war being declared against the French Republic, four troops of the Blues joined the Duke of York's army in the Low Countries and served throughout the arduous campaigns of 1793-5. These troops fought at Villiers-en-Couche, Cateau—where they lost one quartermaster, fifteen men, and twenty-five horses killed; twenty men and seventeen horses wounded—and other actions, and they shared the hardships of the winter retreat through Germany, finally returning home in November, 1795. The Duke of York reported very favourably on the gallantry and conduct of the Blues; nevertheless an absurd rumour was spread that they had misbehaved in action, and that, as a mark of dis-

* Though Captain Packe does not mention it in his history, we have good reason to believe that the Blues took part in the battle of Walcourt in August, 1689.



OFFICER OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, 1815

grace, their uniform had been stripped of the gold lace by which it had hitherto been distinguished. The true reason for the change in the uniform is explained by Captain Packe:—"Their clothing becoming dae," he writes, "during the absence of the four troops on the Continent, a splendid parade uniform was thought inconsistent with the duties of active service, and a plainer one was accordingly issued to them. On their return it was necessary to re-establish uniformity, and the colonel, unwilling to be at greater expense in clothing his regiment than were the colonels of other Dragoon regiments (for the peculiar rank and privileges of the Royal Horse Guards were now well-nigh forgotten), ordered the gold-laced uniform and furniture to be laid aside, and the brass ornaments of the horses' bits to be taken off."

Thus the colonel's economy gave colour to the above-mentioned mischievous rumour. When, however, the regiment lay at Windsor in 1804, George III. ordered that its former honours and privileges should no longer be withheld, and that the men should again be supplied with gold-laced clothing and appointments. As a further mark of favour His Majesty presented the regiment with a pair of silver kettledrums, on which was engraved: "Given by King George III., April 23, 1805, to his Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, as a testimonial of its honourable and military conduct on all occasions."

In November, 1812, two squadrons of the Blues embarked for the Peninsula, and served with Wellington's army until the Peace of 1814, their services being commemorated by the word "Peninsula" emblazoned on their standards and appointments.

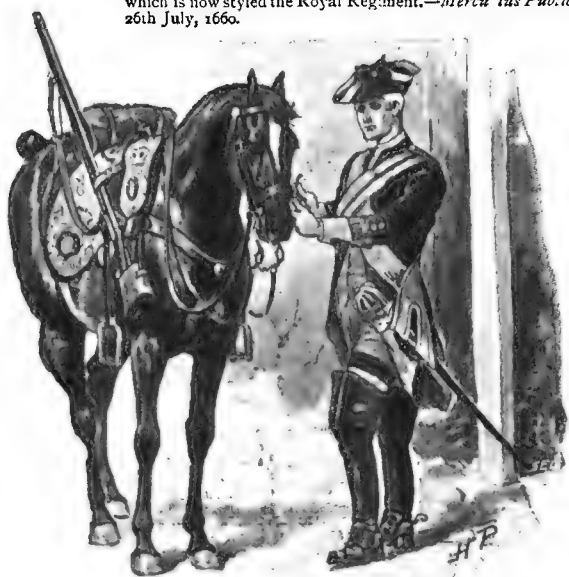
In the Waterloo campaign the regiment was represented by two strong squadrons under Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Hill. They were brigaded with the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the 1st Dragoon Guards under Major-General Lord Edward Somerset, and were hotly engaged at Quatre Bras, and at the "crowning victory" of Waterloo. In that memorable battle the Blues lost Major Packe, two corporals, sixteen rank and file, and fifty-four horses killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Hill, Lieutenant-Colonel and Captain Clement Hill, Lieutenants Shaw and Bouverie, Quartermasters T. Varley and J. Varley, five corporals, fifty-one rank and file, and thirteen horses wounded; one corporal, sixteen rank and file and seventeen horses missing.

At the Coronation of George IV. the Blues furnished the King's Guard, and on that day the Household Brigade turned out with cuirasses, which had been laid aside for upwards of a century.* In 1832 William IV. presented the Royal Horse Guards with a magnificent standard, which was to be known as "The Standard of King William IV.," and to be borne by the King's Troop at all particular ceremonies.†

Since Waterloo the Blues as a regiment have not been on service, but they furnished detachments for Egypt in 1882, and for the Camel Corps in the Sudan. The regiment bears on its standards and appointments the battle honours "Dettingen; Peninsula; Waterloo; Egypt, 1882; Tel-el-Kebir."

* The Blues were originally furnished with "Bucks, Breast-plates, and Batts," and the exact date when these were discarded is not known. Breast-plates were issued on the regiment taking the field in 1794, but being found too cumbersome were sent into store at 100 years.

† On his accession to the throne, William IV. declared himself Colonel-in-Chief of the three Household Cavalry regiments.



TROOPER OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, 1743



CORPORAL-MAJOR OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, 1834



TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY

THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS: A SQUADRON LEADER HALTING HIS MEN AFTER A CHARGE
FROM THE PAINTING BY HARRY PAYNE

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Three Theatrical Books

Of the three volumes before us not the least interesting is Mr. Frederic Whyte's "Actors of the Century: A Play-Lover's Gleanings from Theatrical Annals" (G. Bell and Sons). It is no cut-and-dried history of the stage, but interesting fragments dug out of past records, strung into a sort of sequence and set before the reader by an enthusiastic playgoer. Mr. Whyte says that he writes for those who are profoundly ignorant on all that pertains to the past history of the stage; but the people who will

really find his book interesting will be those who like to jog their memories and revive their impressions of bygone plays and actors. All this time, though one has made no mention of the book's greatest feature, and that is the admirable series of illustrations which make it a picture gallery of the greatest interest. Many of these, of course, are familiar enough, though there are some few which are new and delightful, but the merit of the book in this direction is that it contains such a fine series within its covers, thus giving the student of the drama, in one handsome volume, a portrait gallery which else he might require fifty works to provide.

Mr. Charles Hiatt's "Ellen Terry and Her Impersonations," from the same publishers, Messrs. George Bell and Sons, has no particular merit as a literary work, but it contains an excellent series of characteristic photographs of the actress in all her principal parts with very straightforward and at the same time appreciative comments interspersed with extracts from press notices and so forth. Where Mr. Hiatt is critical he is very sensible, and those who want to glance backwards over the career of the most popular actress of the day and be reminded of the range of her impersonations will find all they want in this pretty book. The volume is bound in a cover designed by Miss Terry's son, Mr. Gordon Craig.

A third volume, "Amateur Clubs and Actors," edited by W. G. Elliott (Edward Arnold) deals with those theatrical byways wherein sometimes walk most accomplished actors, whose talents one would be very glad to see shown up in the fierce light of the profession. But amateur acting is perhaps best as an art in itself; and professionalism, other than that which grows out of it, is apt to spoil the spirit in which it is undertaken. The amateur stage has, of course, given to the public many an excellent actor. To take only one instance, there is Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who figures rather largely in these pages. But those who always want a professional in every amateur enterprise, have something lacking in their composition. The book is not the work of any one hand. It opens with a rhymed prologue by Mr. R. J. Lucas, and then follow an introductory chapter by the editor, and papers on the "Guards' Burlesque," by Captain George Nugent; "The Windsor Strollers," by B. C. Stephenson; "The Greek Play, Oxford," by Philip Carr; "The A.D.C., Cambridge," by the Editor; "The Amateur Pantomime and Burlesque," by W. Yardley; "The Greek Play, Cambridge," by J. W. Clark; "The O.U.D.S.," by Claud Nugent; "Acting at Eton," by F. Tarver; "Amateurs in Foreign Parts," by Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham Davis; "The Westminster Play," by M. L. Gwyer; "The Greek Plays at Bradfield College," by "Sentinel"; "Country House Acting," by Leo Trevor; and "The Canterbury Old Stagers," by W. Yardley. From this it will be seen that the field of amateur acting covered is a pretty wide one, and this without touching on any of the well-known London clubs which from a hint let drop may one day have a similar volume devoted entirely to their history. Brightly written from first to last, full of amusing stories—for amateur theatricals inevitably produce quaint situations, problems, and trials which are funny enough afterwards, however trying at the time—and full of interesting side glimpses of people whom the ordinary reader only

knows in another aspect;—this book is one deserving far more attention than space will now afford. One could fill a page with stories of the Canterbury Old Stagers' Country House Acting, and half a dozen other of the chapters which deal with the humours of past and present productions, while not the least interesting part of a book very fascinating to all stage lovers, is the series of illustrations, which include many both unfamiliar and remarkable, as, for instance, the reproduction of a water-colour, showing Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, Sir Henry de Bathe, and Mr. Quintin Twiss, as Cox, Sergeant Bouncer, and Box, in *Cox and Box*.



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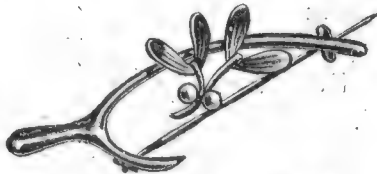
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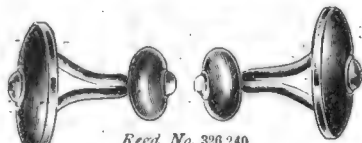
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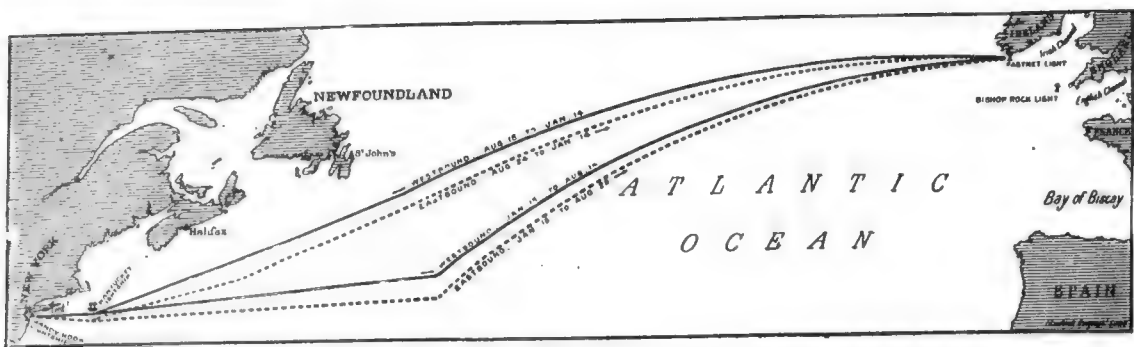
The Transatlantic Steamship Routes

FOR some years past many of the North Atlantic passenger steamship lines have followed fixed tracks or lanes, varying according to the season of the year, and modified from time to time, in order to lessen the risks of navigation due to collision, ice or fog. There were two sets of routes, called respectively the Northern and the Southern, the former being used from July to January, and the

latter from January to July, the east-bound and west-bound ships on both routes being separated by a distance of about fifty miles. It has long been felt, however, that the routes chosen were far from satisfactory, the northern one running across the middle of the Great Bank of Newfoundland, the heart of the fog area, and being used during a part of the season when the danger from floating ice and icebergs was the greatest, while the southern route was not far enough south to be clear of fog and ice. It was thought desirable, too, that all the Atlantic companies should agree to use

the same routes. As the result of a conference between the various steamship companies, the principal English, French and German lines crossing the North Atlantic have now agreed to adopt the fixed routes shown on the accompanying map, the Northern route to be used from August 15 to January 14, and the Southern from January 15 to August 14.

The new routes are an improvement on those hitherto followed, in that the courses steered on both tracks take the vessels clear of the Great Bank, while the Southern route will be used during the foggiest months of the year. The Steamship Companies are to be congratulated on having materially lessened the risks of the Atlantic crossing by the adoption of these safer routes, while the travelling public will doubtless think the increase in safety cheaply purchased at the price of an additional hour or two in the duration of the voyage.

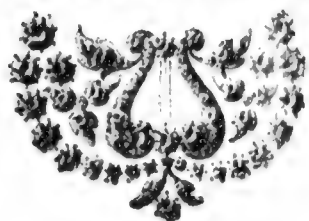
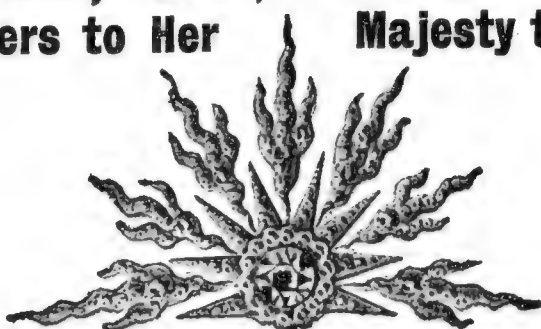
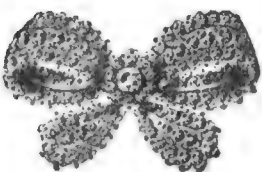


MAP SHOWING THE NEW NORTH ATLANTIC PASSENGER STEAMSHIP ROUTES FOR SUMMER AND WINTER

THE BITTER COLD SNAP in New York has produced terrible suffering. The whole city seemed to have been transported to Arctic regions, with its streets blocked by snow and the river railways, and harbour icebound. Hundreds of people were so badly frost-bitten that the cases taken to the hospitals far exceeded the accommodation, while many were frozen to death altogether. Indeed, it was estimated that there were 60,000 persons destitute and 10,000 actually starving. Worst of all, fires broke out in all parts of the city through over-heated furnaces, and there was no water available to quench the flames.

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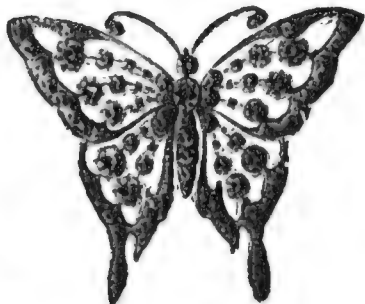
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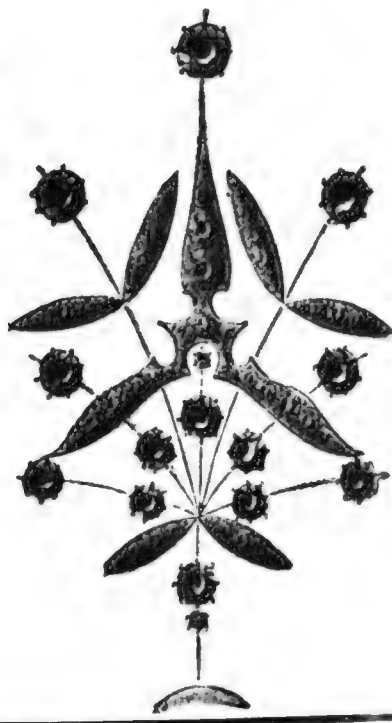
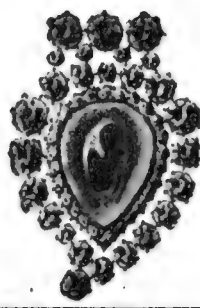
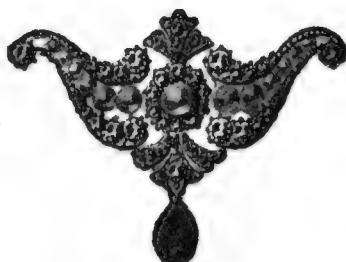
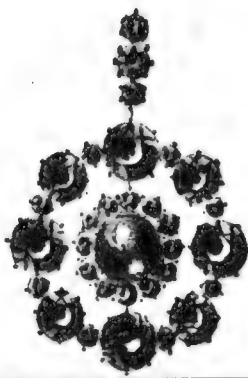
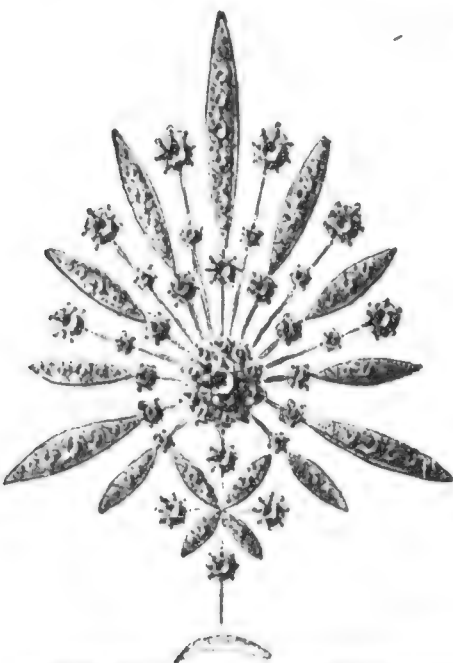
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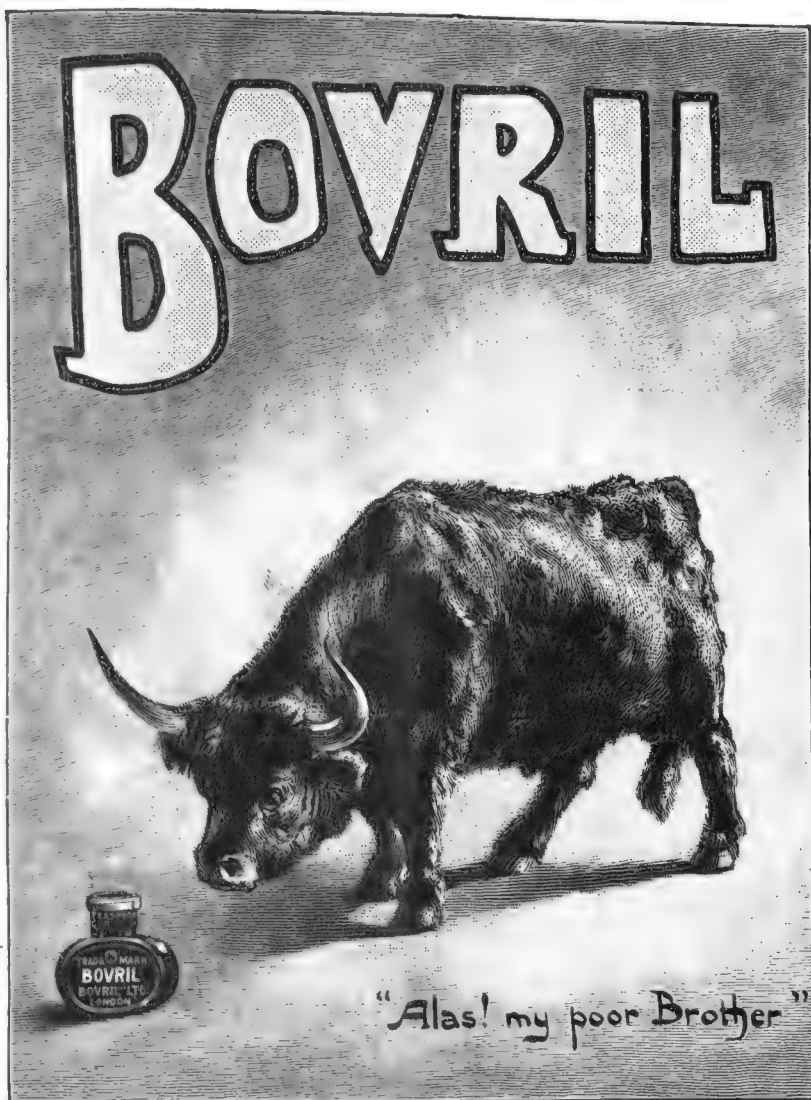
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THE SEASON

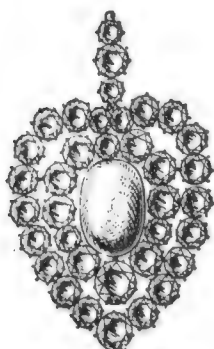
THE frost which prevailed early in the month gave way very suddenly to extreme mildness, a strong wind from the south-west bringing in with it the warm air from the Gulf Stream and completely displacing the easterly and northerly influences which had been existent. The rainfall accompanying the wind was extremely uneven in its distribution, some places receiving only half an inch and others over two inches. This is not an infrequent event when the winds are high, as the clouds are moved on rapidly over one place, descending heavily on another. The wheat is not suffering as yet from the mildness, but if we have continued high temperature its growth is very likely to become weak, long, and spindly. The rains in East Anglia are a drawback, as they have put many thousand acres of good barley land out of condition for spring sowing. Barley will not stand a wet seed-bed, and sowings will now be postponed till March. The lambs are suffering severely from the wet, and deaths are deplorably numerous. A practical shepherd gives good advice as to warming and drying lambs that seem to be ill before the fire and not giving them any milk warm or cold until they are recovered enough to cry for it. The too prompt feeding of a sick lamb too often causes its death. The grain markets have naturally been very adversely affected by the rain, and the demand for bread is so poor that many bakers have reduced their price a halfpenny on the quarter loaf. Flour is declining for all sorts.

AGRICULTURE IN PARLIAMENT

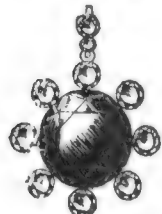
The Government are well advised in giving prominence to a Bill for checking the adulteration of agricultural produce. The vested interests which are concerned in bolstering up recognised abuses and frauds that are the reverse of "pirus" are strong in Parliament, and many M.P.'s owe their seats to the subsidies of trading concerns that find it expedient to be in a position to block any Bill that a private member may bring forward. This is the reason that adulteration can only be checked by a strong Government measure forced into law by the action of a party whip. A reform in certain clauses of the present law in agricultural holdings is also promised and will be heartily acclaimed by all tenant farmers. The proposal of the Government to advance money under certain circumstances to labourers wishing to buy their holdings is one that, with due discretion, might well be extended to the small farmer class. They are the very class who above others should be encouraged to acquire land, for the losses on shifting tenures are not only vexatious to both landlord and farmer but are a net loss to the community at large. The best agriculture requires at least three years' looking ahead, and there are excellent rotations involving a five years' prescience. Details of high farming, moreover, tend to become decidedly complicated, and thus litigation over compensation dogs the steps of both farmer and owner whenever there is a change. In all ways, therefore, the small agricultural owner is to be encouraged and the small farmer aided to convert himself into an owner.

EAST COUNTRY NOTES

Farmers in East Anglia are not very satisfied with the outlook, though the fit state of the land for barley-sowing is a great point to the good. The fall in wheat prices has come as a blow to many farmers who had held all through the autumn in hopes that winter would send prices up. Ordinarily it would have done so, but in December we learnt that the Russian wheat crop had been underestimated by four million quarters at least, and in January the American crop was returned at eighty-four million quarters, or nine millions better than in any previous year. With news of good yields, both in La Plata and in Australasia, the wheat markets are naturally dull, and may not possibly go lower instead of recovering. Another complaint comes from owners of sheep, which seem to have made a poor return on the winter's feed. Hogget mutton is not worth more than 9s. per stone of 14 lb., and at this price the feeding and care is not repaid. Beef is paying better than in 1898, but milk is very hard to sell at a profit, and English farmers are not the steady breeders of veal that their French neighbours have long since been, much to their own advantage. The agricultural labourer has a poor time of it at the current wages of twelve shillings a week, but farmers are so obviously having a hard fight of it themselves that there is less discontent than might be supposed. The increase of poaching is a trouble, but the very heavy preserving, not for local benefit but for shooting tenants, has something to do with it.

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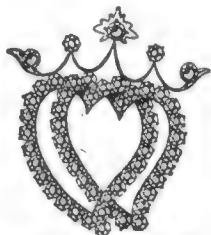
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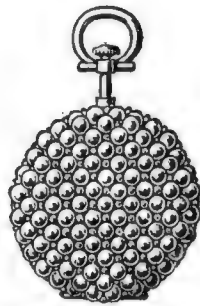
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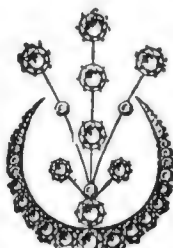
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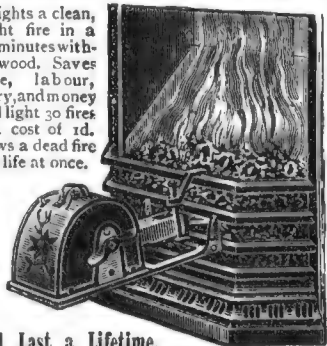
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is pure, antiseptic soap in fine powder, dissolving immediately in cold, warm, or hot water, and ready for instant use.

Bar soap loosens dirt but slowly, and women used to rub clothes briskly between the hands or on a board. This process went on till one day somebody estimated that clothes received more wear on the wash day than on every other day of the week.

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It makes linen as white as snow and woollen as sweet as new mown hay.

It reduces the labour and cost of washing. It does the washing quicker and better than any other soap—does it without injuring the fabric or hands.

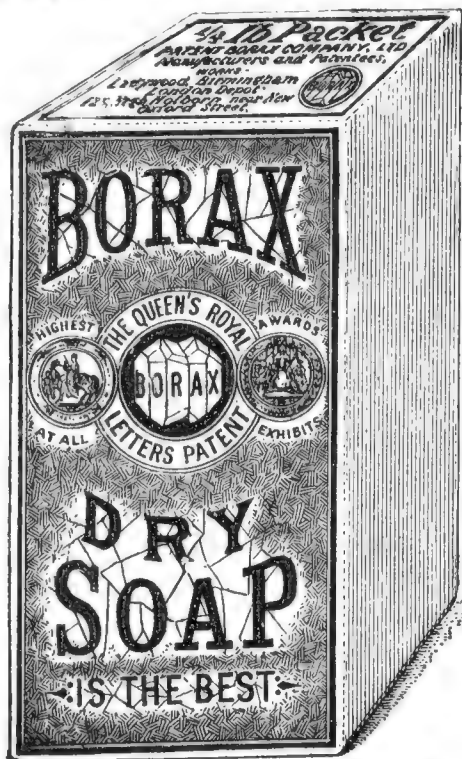
It is sold in $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb., $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb., and 1-lb. packets everywhere, by Grocers, Oilmen and Stores. Full directions on each packet.

There are many things Borax Dry Soap will do besides wash clothes, and we should be pleased for you to know when and where you may use it safely and advantageously. The uses of Borax Dry Soap are authoritatively and plainly set forth in, and we invite you to write to us for a copy of,

The Borax Household Book.

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London House: 129, High Holborn; Glasgow House: 69 Buchanan Street.



Convocation of Canterbury

THE Convocation of the Province of Canterbury met last week in the Church House at Westminster. The crisis in the Church was naturally the main topic under consideration. In the Upper House the Bishop of London received a petition from Mr. John Kensit, but as the Archbishop of Canterbury thought it contained a kind of threat against the Bishops, it was considered unsuitable to present it. The most important feature of the meeting of Convocation was an address by the Primate on the present situation. Archbishop Temple is evidently desirous of abstaining from extreme measures so long as it is possible to do so. His address was delivered to a joint meeting of both Houses and the House of Laymen. He explained the policy which he, in agreement with the Archbishop of York, proposes to adopt, with a view to quieting the alarms and securing

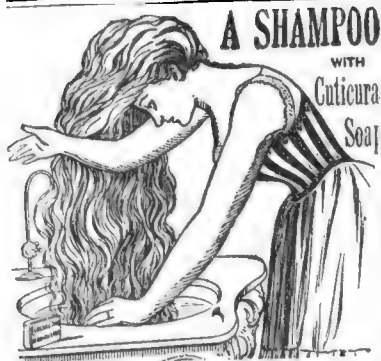
the obedience of the clergy, who shrank from the Ecclesiastical Courts as at present constituted, and who, by persevering in practices condemned by the Bishops and by the bulk of public opinion, were helping to aggravate and prolong a discussion which was disastrous to the best interests of the Church. The Primate explained that in all cases of ritual brought before the Archbishop of York and himself, they would be prepared to listen to those concerned either personally or by counsel. If the clergy really wished to be heard by a spiritual Court which represented the Church alone, the opportunity ought to be given to them. Cases had already come in, and when he heard them he was prepared to listen to what was said, and to decide a disputed point to the best of his ability. He and the Archbishop of York would always sit together to hear such cases. The Archbishop went on to say that he had reprinted the Bill for the Reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts prepared by

Archbishop Benson ten years ago, and submitted it for consideration to Convocation and to the House of Laymen as a basis for any reform which they might think fit to introduce into Parliament, and he urged that it should be thoroughly discussed.

The Gordon Memorial College Fund
"THE GRAPHIC" LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS.—XII.

Amount already acknowledged	£	s.	d.	K...	£	s.	d.
2,842	3	0	0	Three Musketeers	0	12	0
A. and M. F. D.	0	2	6	W. L.	0	3	0
Mrs. Robert Crichton	10	0	0		1	1	0
Miss Crichton	10	0	0				
					£2,863	19	6

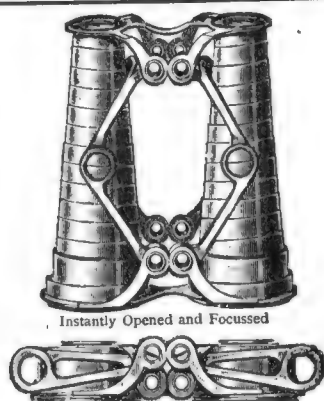
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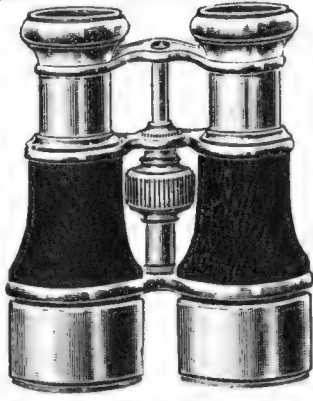
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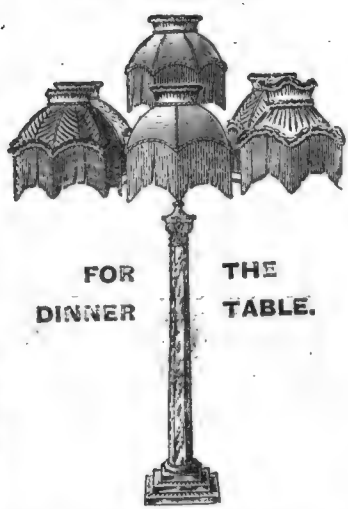


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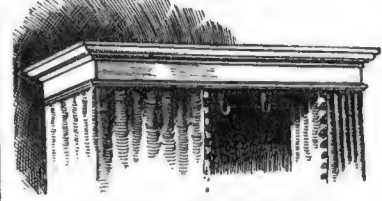
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THE GRAPHIC, FEBRUARY 18, 1899

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